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OCTOBER 11, 1976

# TIME



## AFRICA PEACE OR WAR

RHODESIA'S IAN SMITH



TIME Poll: Ford-Carter Dead Heat  
Campaigning with Betty, Rosalynn & the Kids

# True slashes tar in half!

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TAR**



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And a taste worth changing to. Think about it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.



**Save \$110<sup>00</sup>  
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10-inch radial arm saw.**

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**SALE BEGINS SEPT. 29, AND ENDS OCT. 16, 1976**

With this Craftsman radial saw and our complete line of accessories, purchased separately, you can make dozens of different cuts from a simple rip to a precision dado. The motor develops a full 2½ HP, the blade tilts, and the arm swings right and left with automatic stops at 45°.

This is our best, most versatile 10-inch saw and it's on sale now at most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores. Ask about Sears easy payment plan.

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If, within one year from the date of purchase, this Craftsman radial saw fails due to a defect in material or workmanship, we will repair it free of charge.



Tools that have earned the right to wear the name.

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Guard
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- Hold-Down  
Attachment

**Steel Legs (sold  
separately) #22211  
Reg. \$29.99.  
Now \$24.99.**



## TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

## INDEX

Advertising Sales Manager: George W. ...  
Sales Directors: Kenneth...



# Polaroid's finest is now even better.



## The new SX-70 Alpha 1.

Take the finest camera Polaroid has ever made. The SX-70 Land camera:

You can focus from infinity to 10.4 inches (closer than you can get with almost any other camera in the world without a special lens).

You view through the lens, so you can focus and frame your picture precisely.

A 12,000 rpm motor propels the already developing picture into your

hand, hard, flat and dry. In minutes, you have a big, beautiful finished 3 1/8" x 3 1/8" color print.

In daylight, exposure is controlled automatically by an electric eye which reads the light and sets both the aperture and shutter speed for you.

A velvety chrome finish. A genuine leather wrap. A slim elegant shape that folds flat to slip into your pocket or purse.

Add features like these: An adjustable leather neck strap, to make it even more portable.

A monitored flash that makes final split-second corrections in exposure.

A built-in tripod mount.

Our new Superclear SX-70 film for brighter, sharper colors in minutes.

And you have the new SX-70 Alpha 1. Polaroid's finest camera, made even better.





If you know who these great radio stars are—and especially if you don't—listen to NBC's

## "The First Fabulous 50"

The greatest names in radio — 50 years of them — are coming your way. On October 10, 17, 24, 31, and November 7, the NBC Radio Network unlocks its vaults so you can hear a half century of stars!

You'll also hear the greatest moments from five decades of news — as reported by America's First Network.

There's never been a series of programs quite like this one. And it'll be 50 years until there's another.

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E. Amos 'n' Andy F. Rudy Vallee G. Fibber McGee  
and Molly H. Al Jolson, I. Ed Wynn.



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## FORUM

### Exit Mao

*To the Editors:*

One-quarter of mankind mourns the death of Chairman Mao [Sept. 20].

Although my family escaped from China after the Communists' takeover, I, like the millions of overseas Chinese who repudiate Mao's political philosophy, am saddened by this great man's passing.

Mao was a poet and statesman as well as a politician and educator. He transformed China from a prostrate and humiliated country into a strong and self-sufficient nation. His revolutionary



government altered the balance of power in Asia and the strategic thinking of the world. His teachings transformed the Chinese, long known to be loose as sand as a nation, into a unified, well-disciplined people devoted to building a strong country.

Despite their lack of freedom, the 800 million Chinese revere and adulate him, because he drove out the foreigners and restored to China much of its former power and self-respect.

Bernadette P. N. Lee Shih  
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

Praise the Lord! Mao is dead.

Blessed are the people on the mainland of China.

Phil Ho  
Philadelphia

This barbarian caused enough blood to be spilled inside and outside China to float the navies of the world from here to eternity—where the real judgment will be made.

Edward Clarke  
New York City

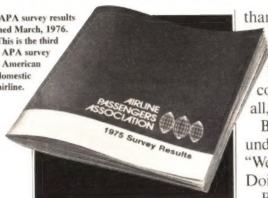
No amount of praise for the social reforms that Mao Tse-tung brought to the Chinese people will ever hide the fact that he ranks with Hitler and Sla-

*The Results of the Airline Passengers Association  
Biennial Independent Survey of Frequent Flyers:*

# American named 'No.1 choice for domestic air travel.'

APA survey results  
published March, 1976.

This is the third  
consecutive APA survey  
to name American  
the No. 1 domestic  
airline.



"If you were traveling to any destination in the U.S., and had your choice of any U. S. airline, which airline would you choose—and why?"

The Airline Passengers Association asked that question of its membership—people who averaged more than 35 flights a year.

The results were conclusive: more people chose American

than any other airline.

And the reasons were many: Schedules, reliability, comfort, courtesy, convenience—and most of all, service.

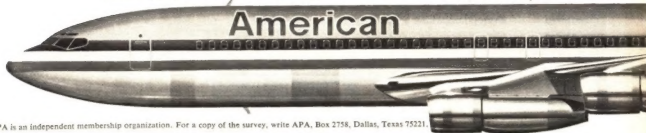
Being named number one underscores our right to say, "We're American Airlines. Doing what we do best."

But it also gives us the responsibility to go on proving ourselves, day after day and flight after flight.

**We're  
American Airlines.  
Doing what we  
do best.**

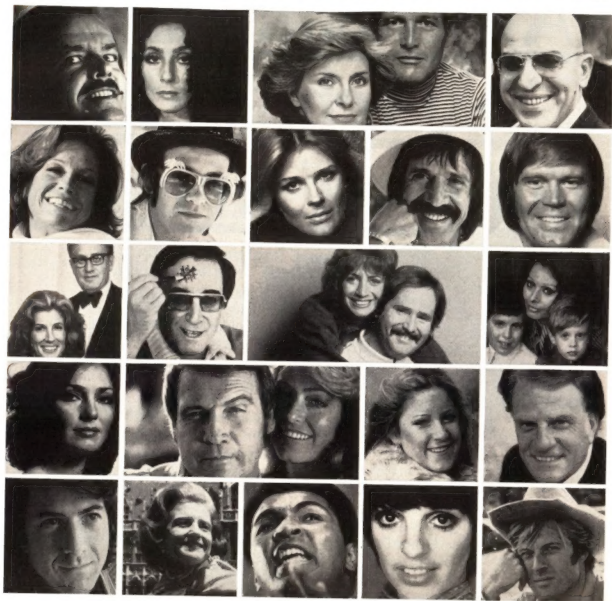
**#1**

Next flight, we hope you'll let us prove it to you.





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What's more fun than meeting interesting people? Celebs. Doers. Comers. Kids. Ordinary people doing extraordinary things. The fascinating, the beautiful, the talented. They're what picture-packed PEOPLE Magazine is all about. And why it's got more of the pace and the pulse of life itself than any other magazine you've ever read before.

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**People**  
weekly

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## You can't afford to do business without it.

### Here's the big idea.

We can show you ways to more efficiently manage the money your company makes. And it won't cost you a dime.

Here's how the program works:

A team of cash management specialists from the American National Bank will visit with you to assess your current cash management procedures and help you improve your financial planning methods and maximize your cash flow.

Then we'll design a system that may involve one or more bank services to increase your operating efficiency.

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Or your Money Management Plan may include our Cash Concentration System. Or Account Reconciliation Reporting. Or Zero Balance Accounting.

Our system may even be based on a special program created just to fit your company's unique requirements.

So if you're looking for ways to cut costs—and who isn't—call Bill McFadden at 661-5107 and look into Money Management.

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it's a whole new feeling



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### FORUM

in because of the millions of people he  
had murdered or who died because of  
his actions.

John Alden  
Phoenix

History will bear out that Mao's rev-  
olution helped lead the way to a new  
community of peace and brotherhood.  
What will we do here in America?

Benjamin Amber  
Fort Myers, Fla.

### Peking Newspeak

While reading Ralph Davidson's  
Letter from the Publisher [Sept. 20], I  
noticed that he said, "Bernstein speaks  
Mandarin." The Chinese no longer call  
the language Mandarin. They call it the  
Peking dialect. I learned this during a  
trip to China last April.

During a conversation, I mentioned  
that I had a son-in-law who spoke Man-  
darin. Our interpreter-guide told us that  
the Chinese have dropped that class-  
conscious word.

Pat Liveright Feltenstein  
Berkeley Heights, N.J.

### Foxy Gift

I was overjoyed at the defection of  
the Russian pilot and the chance to  
study the MIG-25 [Sept. 20].

However, the whole affair seemed  
extremely easy, almost planned. Could  
it be the Russians slipped us a bogus  
plane? Maybe our name—"Foxybat"  
—applies very well. The Russians are  
the fox.

Robert E. Harris Jr.  
Rutland, Mass.

We can say that First Lieut. Victor  
Ivanovich Belenko gave us a Biventen-  
nial gift—the MIG-25.

Shahid Malik  
Danville, Va.

### Wooing Votes

The man to beat Carter is Carter  
[Sept. 20]. He is a compulsive talker, of-  
ten forgetting what he has said before  
and sticking his political foot in his  
mouth.

Joseph W. Dragonetti  
Philadelphia

If Jimmy Carter was trying to woo  
the Polish vote, he wore the wrong shirt.  
The eagle without a crown on his shirt  
is the Polish Communist version. The  
traditional Polish emblem is a white eagle  
with a crown symbolizing sovereignty  
and independence—virtues denied  
under Communism.

John T. Kazmierski  
Cliffside Park, N.J.

How can a man who does not know  
any better than to try to "make hay"  
in a rose garden expect voters to think he  
possesses the qualifications necessary to

TIME, OCTOBER 11, 1976

# BARBARA WALTERS JOINS HARRY REASONER ON ABC!



Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner—the news team America has been waiting for! The news team America is watching!

Barbara Walters has earned the admiration of millions of Americans for her incisive interviews with newsmakers all over the world. Time magazine hailed her as one of the hundred most influential leaders in America.

Harry Reasoner, with over two decades' experience in television journalism, is one of America's most trusted broadcasters. In his six years with ABC News he has reported every major news story in the nation and the world.

This combination of experience and ability forms the center of television's most dynamic and informative news team. And of course, Howard K. Smith continues his special commentary which reveals and clarifies the issues behind the news.

So whatever you do this week, don't miss Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner.

**ABC EVENING NEWS  
WITH HARRY REASONER  
& BARBARA WALTERS.**

**ABC abc  
NEWS**

**ON THE NETWORK MORE PEOPLE ARE WATCHING.**

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**CP Air**  
Canadian Pacific

**Orange is Beautiful Jets Serving 5 Continents.**

E6

## FORUM

be a successful President of the U.S.? Any grass-roots farmer would know better than that.

Nelle C. Archer  
Tampa, Fla.

## God and the Gays

The twists of the Bible by which Father McNeill [Sept. 20] justifies homosexuality are but another victory in the anti-Christ campaign to wipe out every trace of self-discipline and self-control.

Val Vardamis  
Bangor, Me.

Thank you, Father McNeill! With you at the helm, the sinking ship, the Catholic Church, might keep afloat.

Anthony T. Grasso  
Jericho, N.Y.

God does not encourage homosexuality. He created human beings who later decided, by their own free will, to become homosexuals. Homosexuality is sin; it cannot be justified by McNeill's mutilation of Scripture.

Carl Briggs  
Yuma, Ariz.

Homosexual love is a celebration of the love of God. Gay is more than good; it is essential, necessary, holy.

Michael Reardon  
Berkeley, Calif.

## Bishop or Archie Bunker?

As a young Catholic, I applaud Bishop Lefebvre [Sept. 13]. The church should see that the Tridentine Mass in Latin is relevant. The essence of our faith is eternally relevant because it is true. We need the symbolism of the old rites to express to us the depth and mystery of the sacraments.

Barry Curtis  
Delaware, Ohio

Why should we accept the ruling of the 16th century Council of Trent? Let's go back to the 12th century and consider whether women have souls. Want to sign up, Archie Bunker Lefebvre?

Thomas J. O'Grady  
San Francisco

Will some apologist for the new Mass explain why it was necessary to ban the Tridentine Mass? For four centuries following the Council of Trent the use of several rites was permitted. What once was unity in diversity has become disunity in perversity.

Maurice V. Moriarty  
Inglewood, Calif.

## Flowering Narcissism

I let's not blame the humanistic psychologies for furthering narcissism [Sept. 20]. It is true more people are spending time and money turning inward. However, the result, after work-



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**More Efficient**

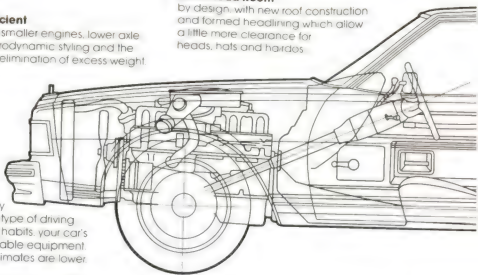
thanks to smaller engines, lower axle ratios, aerodynamic styling and the strategic elimination of excess weight.

**More Mileage**

than '76 full-size Chevs. EPA estimates, 22 mpg highway, 17 mpg city, with new standard Six, auto trans, and 2.73 axle. Actual mileage may vary depending on type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, EPA estimates are lower.

**More Head Room**

by design, with new roof construction and formed headlining which allow a little more clearance for heads, hats and hairdos.



# The New Chevrolet. A whole

It was clear that cars had to become more efficient. Not just small cars. All cars.

It was equally clear that plenty of people still preferred cars of size and substance, and were not about

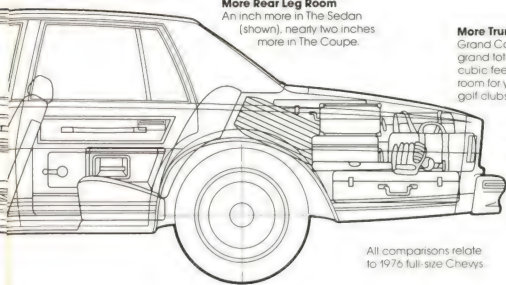
to settle for less.

So we gave them more.

More economy and common sense on the one hand, more head room and rear leg room and trunk room on the other.



## Now that's



#### More Rear Leg Room

An inch more in The Sedan (shown), nearly two inches more in The Coupe.

#### More Trunk Room

Grand Canyon on wheels, with a grand total of about 20 cubic feet of well-planned room for your bags, boxes, golf clubs, treasures or junk.

#### More Manageable in City Traffic

and parking. Turning diameter is reduced nearly 3 feet, curb to curb.

All comparisons relate to 1976 full-size Chevys.

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See photo below

## new car, a whole new ball game.

All in a crisp, clean, beautiful new package we call The New Chevrolet. A whole new kind of 6-passenger car that's more manageable in size, more responsible in its use of fuel and materials, yet

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It's more than a new car.

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**Chevrolet**



The 1977 Caprice Classic Sedan.

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**J&B**  
RARE  
SCOTCH

#### FORUM

ing through "unfinished business, openness, caring, creativity, spontaneity and joy interacting with others."

*Rev. Williams Circle  
Glencoe*

What's new about narcissism? It's been around since the serpent told Eve, "You will be like gods." Another name for it is original sin—and I suppose it's at least part of what prompts me to write this letter, hoping to see your name and my opinion in TIME.

*Mary H. ...  
North Miami*

An apt response to your article on narcissism would be the famous saying of Rabbi Hillel 20 centuries ago: "I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am for myself alone, what am I?"

*Alexander S. Zelen ...  
Dun*

After being furiously involved in many causes, I find the changes must first happen to you: "Me." When we decide to become living examples and shouters, a mellowing occurs that enables us to see our strengths, weaknesses and the direction to channel our energy. You have to go in to go out.

*Pete Tynd ...  
Whitby, N.*

#### Apologies, Apologies

Cristina Rodriguez's letter asking the U.S. to ever apologize for unjustly accusing the Spanish of sinking the *Maine* (Sept. 13) shows an unusual lack of memory. Were not the Spanish soldiers the first to murder Americans? How many Indians were killed just for their gold? Will Spain ever apologize?

*Bernard Bonave ...  
Abundance, France*

#### Dylan's Pleasure Dome

A television special was bad enough, but this new mansion goes too far. Has Bob Dylan (Sept. 20), who for years wanted only to inform society of its wrongs, become as money hungry as some of those rock bands?

*Kevin R. Miller ...  
Des Moines*

#### Prime Time

The man pictured with the big cowboy shovel (Aug. 23) is not a Kentucky strip miner, as you report.

He is songwriter John Prine, whose tune *Paradise* tells of the "tortured timberland scarred land" that resulted from strip mining near his family home in Muhlenberg County, Ky.

*Mark D'Alfonso ...  
Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Address Letters to TIME, Room 1146 Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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you wish. Spend the night in a *parador*—a grand palace, monastery or castle turned hotel. Dine long and sumptuously on regional dishes fit for an Isabella.

For more about the colors and flavors of Spain, see your travel agent. Or write Spanish National Tourist Office, Dept 12, P.O. Box 291, Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.

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*Lyttton's*

DISAPPEARANCE OF JACKSON LIVINGSTON, ONE YEAR, 216 MONTE IRIS CITY ALDRIN, GOLF HILLS, FROM FIVE 1/2 OF LITCHFIELD RIVER CANY, WOODEN RD. HAWTHORN, FOX VALLEY, OREGON, OREGON

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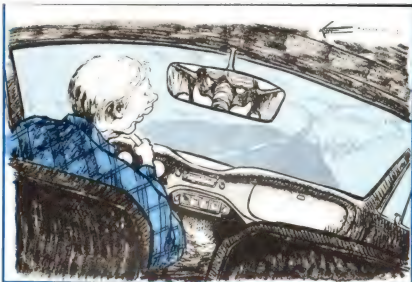
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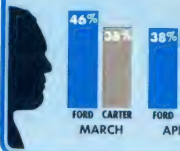
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BECAUSE PEOPLE GET HOT AND COLD.



## Whom Would You



## TIME

### TIME POLL

# The Race Turns into a Dead Heat

Jimmy Carter has blown his lead in the presidential race. Last week he and Gerald Ford were running dead even, each with 43% of the vote. 14% were undecided. Carter led Ford by 6 percentage points in late August, just after the Republican National Convention, and by 9 points in late June. In a parallel shift of perceptions, voters by 44% to 40% now expect Ford to win on Nov. 2. In late August, the voters by 57% to 34% predicted a Carter victory. These are the findings of a nationwide telephone survey of 1,308 registered voters conducted for TIME by the opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., from Sept. 25 to Sept. 29.

The standoff turned up by the survey resulted from asking those polled to choose between the two main candidates. When the Yankelovich analysts figured in the effect of the minor candidates, Lester Maddox and Eugene McCarthy, Ford pulled ahead of Carter by 42% to 40%. Maddox is a negligible factor, polling only 1% of the vote at this point. But McCarthy draws 7% down from 12% in August but still enough to tip the election to Ford.

**Seesaw.** Thus what once looked like a Carter runaway has turned into one of the tightest presidential races in U.S. history. Making the present situation even more volatile, the Yankelovich study found, 52% of the voters still have not firmed up their final voting plans, in part because so many are unenthusiastic about both major candidates (see box below). Said Pollster Daniel Yankelovich: "Our TIME survey suggests that the race will seesaw back and forth until the very last minute, reflecting the voters' agoni-

nized and disappointed frame of mind."

**THE TRENDS.** Ford has scored great gains with independent voters. He leads Carter among them by 45% to 31%; by contrast, Carter was ahead with this decisive group in August, 41% to 39%. One reason for the shift is the growing belief that Carter is a liberal, which has become a negative label for many voters. Of the people surveyed, 35% regard him as a liberal, up 10 percentage points since August. Only 30% consider him a moderate, down 13 points. Among moderates, Carter now runs almost neck and neck with the President after leading him 51% to 35% in late August.

Carter's support among Catholics has slipped by 3 percentage points to 45%, while his backing among Protestants has remained almost unchanged at 42%. He has picked up strength among non-whites, 71% of whom now favor him, up 66% in August. But only 39% of the white voters prefer him, down from 44% in the previous survey.

In terms of geography, Carter carries the eleven states of the Old Confederacy, but not by a wide enough margin to offset Ford's lead of 44% to 41% in the rest of the country. Ford is heavily dependent on the Western states for his support. He is weaker than was anticipated in the Midwest. The breakdown:

	CARTER	FORD
South	48%	40%
New England	43%	40%
Middle Atlantic	43%	38%
Midwest and border	43%	44%
West	36%	51%

**CRITICISMS OF FORD.** Since August, there has been remarkably little change

in voters' opinions of Ford. Half of the people surveyed fault him for pardoning Richard Nixon, 48% say he cannot do with Congress, 33% believe he is conservative. But Ford's weekend trip as the guest of U.S. Steel when he was a Congressman are not taken very seriously by the voters. Less than one-third believe that the jaunts raise serious questions about his judgment.

There also has been little change since August in the reasons cited by voters for supporting Ford. Among those he can be trusted (62%), he will keep check on the Democratic Congress (59%), he has more experience (56%), and he is a known quantity (55%).

The President's chief asset continues to be his opponent. More than 2 out of 3 Ford voters give as their main reason for supporting him the fact that he has too many questions about Carter.

**CRITICISMS OF CARTER.** Clearly, the Democratic nominee was hurt by the first debate. By 41% to 28%, the poll interviewed said they thought that he was the victor. While the debate and month of further campaigning have made Carter less of an enigma—35% now regard him as too much of an unknown, down 5 percentage points since August—many voters dislike what they see in him. Of those surveyed, 54% see him fuzzy on the issues (up from 51% in August), 55% say he overpromises (up from 48%), 53% complain that he changes his stands (up from 45%) and 29% agree with the statement that "there is something not trustworthy about him" (up from 22%).

Carter's strengths among his supporters continue to be the desire for



## Vote For Today?



"Hey, kid... come back here with MY skateboard!"

## THE NATION

change (83%), a feeling that he will be effective at getting things done (64%) and the promise that he offers a fresh start (60%). The survey also turned up some evidence that Carter's support may be hardening while Ford's is softening. Since the August survey, the proportion of Carter supporters with some doubts about him has dropped 3 points, to 49%; at the same time, the percentage of Ford backers with doubts about him has risen 7 points, to 44%.

**THE ISSUES.** TIML's State of the Nation indicator, based on a series of questions that measure people's confidence

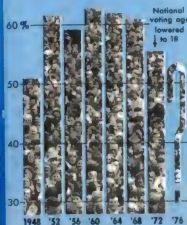
in America, has slipped 5 percentage points in a month to 39%. In the same period, the percentage of people who expressed great worry about unemployment rose sharply, to 35%, up 11 points. Inflation, cited by 44%, remained the issue that most bothers voters. But Carter has failed to benefit from these shifts because so many voters fault him for overpromising and fear that he might turn out to be a big spender.

By the same token, Ford has not gained notable support from the issues that would seem to cut his way. He is generally regarded as stronger than Car-

ter in foreign policy, but that is a minor issue among voters this year. Only 2% mentioned the Middle East as a problem that worries them; only 1% cited Africa or detente. The abortion issue has won Ford little more than half of the voters oppose a constitutional amendment banning abortion. Indeed, of the minority who support an amendment, 72% say they would not cast their ballots next month solely on the basis of the abortion issue. For these voters as for the electorate in general, the chief issue continues to be the characters and personalities of the two candidates.

## Turned Off,

(percent of voting age population that voted in presidential elections)



Source: Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1975

PHOTO BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

## Not Tuned Out

Americans have not been so turned off by a presidential election since 1948, when only 51 1/2% of the people of voting age went to

the polls. According to the Yankelovich survey, 61% of the voters say they have little enthusiasm for either Carter or Ford. At the same time, voter registration is stagnating or declining in every region except the South, where people are excited about a presidential candidate from Dixie. Despite drives to sign up new voters, the registration totals, compared with 1972 figures, are expected to drop by well over 1 million people in New York and 600,000 in California. Said a Bostonian who has been trying to enroll voters: "It's shoveling against the tide."

Nonetheless, the Yankelovich study challenges the widely held belief that Americans are apathetic about politics. Three-quarters of the people in the poll were sufficiently interested in the election to watch the first Ford-Carter debate. The same proportion feel that the outcome of the election will make a difference to the country; two-thirds believe the outcome will personally affect them.

Only 22% of those polled said they may not vote on Nov. 2. But this figure is probably an understatement and certainly not a reliable guide to what people will actually do on Election Day. Thus the experts who predict that only about half the electorate will vote may be right. The turnout of voters has steadily declined since 1960 (see chart). The drop was particularly sharp in 1972 because people aged 18 to 21 were eligible for the first time, and they are less inclined to vote than others. This year, says Daniel Yankelovich, "the election bears all the earmarks of 1948, except that we don't yet know which candidate will play Harry Truman's starring role." Studies of the 1948 election found that voters who are vacillating between unexciting choices for President tend either to put off making a final decision until the last minute or not to vote at all. Says Yankelovich: "This is what is happening today." The voters may be turned off at this point, but they have not yet tuned out the election.



JERRY BROWN HELPS HIS EX-RIVAL'S BID FOR VOTES OF CALIFORNIA CHICANO WORKERS

#### THE CAMPAIGN

## Carter Fights the Big-League Slump

The polls might be alarming, but the body language was fine. That, at any rate, was the view of Psychologist-Author Ernst Beier (*People-Reading*), who diagnosed Jimmy Carter's debating style. "Swiveling shoulders and licking his lips," Carter has a definite edge over Gerald Ford, "the wooden Indian." It was one of the best things said about the swiveling Carter campaign all week.

Whether those shoulders and those lips would be enough to put Carter over the top in this week's debate on defense and foreign policy remained to be seen.

AIDES JODY POWELL & HAMILTON JORDAN



A sweeping speech by Henry Kissinger before the United Nations (see *WORLD*) gave President Ford some advance help. Not only could Kissinger point to a probable success in Africa, he also seemed to anticipate some Carter debating points. Ford too soft on Moscow? Kissinger was tough, complaining of "crude attempts" by the Soviets to sabotage U.S. policy. Ford not doing enough to prevent nuclear proliferation? Kissinger announced—without any details—a forthcoming major proposal for stronger international controls. Stalemate in the Middle East? Even though the Administration could not take full credit, at least it could point to the fact that the P.L.O. is in deep trouble, which could conceivably bring a settlement closer. No doubt Carter would have plenty of ammunition of his own: "Immorality" and "secrecy" in U.S. foreign dealings, Pentagon waste, neglect of Latin America. He planned to be briefed over the weekend by former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, just back from a 23-day visit to China. But in going up against the man in charge of foreign policy, not to mention the Commander in Chief, Carter faced a major challenge.

**Confused Image.** The Georgian was confronted by a lot of other problems as well. The big question was whether he had been taking because of his personal bloopers, lack of a clear line or image and organizational foul-ups.

Though his crowds were generally large and friendly, they displayed little of the frenzied excitement that certifies they will turn out at the polls. The main lingering residue of the ill-advised *Playboy* interview was ridicule, perpetuated in a bumper-sticker revision of Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign theme: IN

#### THE NATION

HIS HEART, HE KNOWS YOUR WIFE. Volunteers, with no overriding issue to turn them on and a candidate who frequently turns them off, were hard to come by everywhere. There is some confusion between the relatively conservative Carter who speaks of love, healing and balanced budgets and the angry populist Carter who laces into the fat cats and promises Government programs that sound expensive. Perhaps Carter's worst problem is still the fact that most voters do not feel they know him. Admits Gerard Doherty, the Bostonian directing the Carter campaign in New York: "People still feel they haven't seen him or smelled him."

**Right On!** There were signs, however, that Carter's seemingly compulsive downhill racing has at least slowed. Many state Democratic organizations were finally beginning to mesh with Carter's carpetbaggers and with his Atlanta headquarters. Now that the polls show Carter in danger of losing, some party leaders are more likely to submerge their jealousies in the interest of capturing the White House. Carter became markedly more aggressive on the stump, refocusing attention on what is his strongest issue: the economy. He was

## A Tardy S O S to

Having bypassed the Democratic establishment until now, Jimmy Carter is at last turning to it for help, as *TIME* National Political Correspondent Robert Aitman learned. His report

Jimmy Carter's troubleshooter, the wise and watchful country lawyer Charles Kirbo, sat motionless and listened. He had traveled from Atlanta to Washington to gather complaints and advice about the stalled campaign. There, in Scoop Jackson's office, he went before a dozen Senators—veterans like Fritz Hollings of South Carolina and Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut, and newcomers like Colorado's Gary Hart and Florida's Richard Stone. One of them thought that the gray and silent Kirbo looked like a possum, unmoving and wary. He had brought with him top Carter agents, Landron Butler and Jack Watson, who sat scribbling into note pads.

The Senators shot troubled and challenging questions at Kirbo. Why were phone calls to the Carter headquarters not returned? Why the foolish *Playboy* interview? Why not put some political heavyweights on the Carter plane? Along with the questions came suggestions. The candidate should spend less time at minor-league stops. He should take on a tougher defense posture. Then the Kirbo trouble squad met with a larger group of Congressmen and the next day visited with delegations from four

aided by some dismal statistics showing that 2.5 million Americans last year sank below the poverty line (\$5,469 for a nonfarm family of four) and by reports from economists that recovery has slowed during the third quarter (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). In Buffalo, Carter charged that Ford was "even worse" than Richard Nixon at managing the economy; later he told some unemployed workers that "Gerald Ford has no concern for people who are out of work." In Portland, Me., he asked a crowd of 6,000 "How many of you believe there needs to be a change in Washington?" When his audience roared approval, the suddenly turned-on Carter shouted back, "Right on!"

He also impressed labor leaders with a feeling declaration: "We've all seen in vivid terms the devastating impact of the Nixon-Ford Administration on our lives. The general atmosphere in this country, the spirit of America, the hope about the future, the confidence in our own security, our ability to hold jobs, the inflationary pressures, the unbalanced budget, the absence of an adequate health program, the maladministration of the Government—the abominable failures of Nixon and Ford

are there, they're apparent, they're open to be observed by all of us."

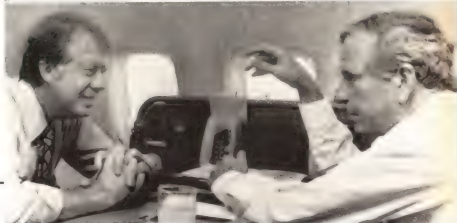
TIME correspondents assessed Carter's situation across the country:

**MIDWEST.** Chicago Mayor Richard Daley resented the Carterites' stand-offishness. Only last week Daley agreed "to redouble our efforts." He described Carter as a "great fella in spring training, but now that the league has started, he's in a slump." Pressed for his views on the *Playboy* interview, Daley dodged, boasting of a fish he had caught. What then did the fish think? Cracked Daley: "If he hadn't opened his mouth,

he wouldn't have gotten caught."

The Carter organization has set up 48 headquarters in Illinois, and batteries of phone banks are being installed. Carter appears to have serious problems in Ohio's Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), where a Democrat must usually score big to carry the state. Elsewhere in the Midwest, particularly in Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Nebraska, friction between Democratic regulars and Carter's "amateurs" seems to be easing.

**NEW ENGLAND.** Carter's strategy of sending in outsiders to direct his campaign, bypassing the faction-ridden state



ABOARD PEANUT ONE, THE CANDIDATE'S CLOSEST ADVISER, CHARLES KIRBO, TELLS HIM IN

## the Establishment

crucial states: Michigan, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania.

Everywhere, criticism of the Carter campaign was falling like hail. In Ohio, Democratic State Chairman Paul Pitts was disgusted because no Carter aide had sought his help. In California, State Chairman Charles Manatt said he had never before seen a campaign in which the candidate's agents shut out everybody else. In Illinois, Mayor Richard Daley had twice warned Carter that the campaign was going down the drain—unless he reached out more to the party regulars around the country. These professionals thought they understood the reasons for Carter's separation from the party. His campaign hallmark had been a dogged independence from the Establishment. He wanted to keep his appeal as an outsider who owed no one any favors.

After meeting the legislators, Kirbo sat in a restaurant and mulled over these problems. He was jauntily in a green blazer and did not seem perturbed. Grumblings about a campaign are as inevitable as grease in a garage, he said. He shrugged off many of the complaints—but not all. Said he: "It helps us see the flaws Jimmy's going to have to keep the pressure on Ford. It might mean a few mistakes, but that can't scare us. If Abe Lincoln hadn't kept showing, the South might have won the war. His generals all wanted to sit still—the way Ford sits in the White House."

Kirbo is very much aware of the recurring complaint that Carter cannot keep his mouth shut, and, in fact, has urged the candidate to swallow some of his windy and revealing answers. But, he said with some resignation and humor, "That's Jimmy. He'll tell everything. He's come a long way being open. It may be political poison nationally, but it worked in Georgia." Stoic and cheerful as he sounded, Kirbo was a bit depressed, and back in Georgia he showed it—which was surprising for him.

Carter's troubles with organized labor have become well known in Washington. Key union leaders, including even the earliest Carter backers from the United Auto Workers, the Communications Workers, and the State, County and Municipal Employees, are bitter about being ignored. One of the liberal coalition leaders says he is too humiliated even to answer questions about what his union is doing in the campaign; he would rather pretend it is involved. The Carter staff has him baffled. "They are gracious people, quick and smart. We helped them early. I called several times, but I've never heard back." This leader sees a crisis. "Now that they're in trouble, they'll get a lot of desperate ideas. I worry that they don't have the people to make the right choices."

The flimsy quality of Carter's com-

munications with the regulars was sharply illustrated last week. Tim Kraft, his top field director, turned up in the office of Al Barkan, political chief of the AFL-CIO. It was the first time that Kraft had got in touch with him, and Barkan did not even know who he was. After they introduced themselves, Kraft told Barkan that he wanted to begin to update him weekly on the campaign.

Carter strategists last week also overcame their skepticism about the abilities of the Democratic National Committee and sought its help. They asked the DNC to take charge of the get-out-the-vote drive in the most important states, Texas, New York and California, and national Committee workers are being taken aboard to assist Carter's state coordinators in certain shaky locations.

There were other signs that the warnings to Kirbo were being acted on. Late in the week, Ohio regulars said the state organization had finally been tied in with the Carter team. Phone banks were being installed, and Chairman Tipps was sounding optimistic about turning the Ohio slide around. In big trouble, Carter was reaching out very late to his own party. As one of the Senators who met with Kirbo put it: "We have to wrap Carter in the image of the party now. The very Establishment that he ran against may have to pull it out for him."

## THE NATION

parties, has in general worked well in this area, despite continuing complaints about decisions being made in Atlanta. Observes Larry Radway, New Hampshire party chairman: "In Charlemagne's empire he created the *missi dominici*. They were sent into the provinces to monitor activities and keep people in line. If it worked for Charlemagne, it should work for Carter." Carter's strength in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut remains substantial. His chances of carrying Vermont and New Hampshire are minimal.

**NORTHEAST.** In New York and Pennsylvania, organizational kinks have been ironed out; in New Jersey, where they lingered longer, Democrats at last appear to be uniting. Carter will probably benefit from the court ruling that ended a recall move against Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo. Freed of his major concern, Rizzo can now rev up his city machine on behalf of Carter-Mondale. But in the big industrial states, the problem appears to be boredom with both campaigns and both candidates. In such states, the larger the turnout, the better for the Democrats.

**SOUTH.** Carter's home-boy status and religiosity far outweigh any gaffes and organizational disputes everywhere except in Virginia and Texas. In both, Ford seems to be moving up. Texas Democrats took Carter's *Playboy* confession of mental lechery in stride, but still simmer over his linkage of Native Son Lyndon Johnson with Richard Nixon in "lying, cheating and distorting the truth." Even so, Lady Bird Johnson is still a member of Carter's Texas steering committee. Carter has also lost some support in Mississippi, but Florida seems safely in his camp, and he seems overwhelmingly ahead in Tennessee, Arkansas, the Carolinas and Alabama, as well as in Georgia.

**FAR WEST.** In his weakest region, Carter's campaign is beginning to get off the ground; but politicians believe he suffered by failing to persuade popular Governor Jerry Brown to take charge of his campaign in California much as John Connally has been entrusted with Ford's fate in Texas. Brown was at Carter's side last week in California and is campaigning strenuously for him both in the state and elsewhere. The race in California is now too close to call.

Given the basic Democratic majority in the country, Carter still has a considerable chance of putting together the electoral votes needed to win. He also has some time left for a personal recovery. Says a campaign aide: "Jimmy's bloopers are not in the range of McGovern's bloopers."

True enough. But added together they produce an image of a man, relatively unknown to most voters, who too often appears vague and uncertain—and whose judgment is not always good. Even a few more Jimmy-sized bloopers could prove to be more than the Carter campaign can stand.



FORD WITH NEW ORLEANS DANCE TROUPE ON SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN SWING

## The Unions, the Secretary and Jerry

Buoyed by large and rousing crowds on his first extended campaign swing since he won his party's nomination, Gerald Ford opened the week with a three-day foray into the South. In Alabama and Mississippi, his audiences—mostly white and affluent—cheered his attacks on Carter's vow to cut the growth in defense spending and roared approval of the President's opposition to gun controls.

On both issues, the President showed crassly. As he warmed to his defense of the Pentagon, he claimed that the Democratic Congress had slashed \$50 billion from the military budget over the past decade. Aides explained that Ford meant the Congress had cut that much from increases in the budget proposed by the Ford and Nixon administrations; in fact, the budget rose \$32 billion in that period. The President increased Carter's promised cuts to \$15 billion; in fact, the Democrat has never suggested more than a \$7 billion reduction. In decrying gun controls, Ford implied that Carter wants limits on both handguns and rifles. Carter actually favors the registration of the first, but opposes restrictions on the latter.

But when Ford returned to Washington, trouble was waiting. Late in the week he was acutely embarrassed by the revelation that Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who has long suffered from galloping foot-in-the-mouth disease, had made some obscene and scatological remarks about what he genially referred to as "the coloreds." Ford promptly called Butz into the Oval Office and chewed him out, and Senator Robert Dole, the President's running mate,

called the remarks "stupid" and "ill-conceived." G.O.P. Senator Edward Brooke, a black, demanded Butz's resignation. Jimmy Carter declared that Butz's crack was "disgraceful," and repeated his view that the man was not fit to sit in the Cabinet. Some White House insiders expected that Butz would resign as a result of the furor.

Ford was also hounded by a shadowy and unsubstantiated charge against his character that interrupted his momentum and put him uncomfortably on the defensive. The Watergate special prosecutor was still looking into a mysterious allegation by an unidentified informer that Ford had misused union contributions to his congressional campaigns some time between 1964 and 1972. Ford's position was awkward. No charge had been brought against him, so he could not even inquire of Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff about the investigation without implying improper presidential pressure.

**The Informant.** Almost no one in Washington believed that Jerry Ford would ever pocket campaign funds. Yet neither would anyone accuse the highly respected Ruff, a Democrat, of acting rashly or for partisan purposes. A polarized associate law professor at Georgetown University, Ruff, 37, belonged to the staff that dug into illegal corporate political contributions during Watergate and brought Richard Nixon's top aides to trial. He also successfully prosecuted United Mine Workers President W.A. (Tony) Boyle for illegal campaign contributions.

TIME learned that the informant was someone associated with the



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**SPECIAL PROSECUTOR CHARLES RUFF**  
Under pressure to act quickly.

maritime unions. He went to the FBI last July and claimed that Ford had diverted union political contributions to his personal use. The FBI dutifully passed the information on to Attorney General Edward Levi. Quite properly, Levi turned it over to Ruff, whose charter gives him the power to investigate any matter "which he consents to have assigned to him by the Attorney General."

Ruff subpoenaed all campaign-contribution records since 1964 from the Republican committee in Ford's home Kent County, Mich., and its affiliated Kent County Finance Committee. In agreement with the highly cooperative G.O.P. county officials, Ruff added a subpoena for records of the Republican Committee of Michigan's Fifth District, which Ford represented from 1949 through 1973.

**Nothing There.** Meanwhile, the FBI has been interviewing officials of two highly politically active unions, the National Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, which represents some 15,000 ships' officers, and the Seafarers International Union, which has 85,000 unlicensed seamen as members. FBI agents have also quizzed local Michigan Republican officials, including leaders of Ford's congressional campaign committees, and examined ledgers and checks.

Last week the FBI neared completion of its field investigation in Michigan. TIME has learned that it will report to Special Prosecutor Ruff that it has turned up no substantiation of the informant's charges. "There is nothing out there at all," said one Justice Department official. That does not mean the case is closed. It will now be up to Ruff to decide whether he is satisfied that all leads have been pursued or whether he

wishes further investigation in Michigan or elsewhere. The political situation puts Ruff under heavy pressure to make a final decision quickly.

Ford had long been a supporter of the maritime unions and the shipping industry, appearing at many union and maritime industry conferences to back the fleet. In return, he got both speaking fees and political contributions. The sums are unknown, but probably were small.

Public records in Grand Rapids show that the Marine Engineers gave two checks totaling \$4,500 to the Kent County Republican Party in 1970 and \$7,500 in 1972. Michigan G.O.P. officials said it was not uncommon for Ford to ask contributors to send money to his home district to help other Republican candidates when his own re-election seemed assured. The Seafarers' veteran lobbyist, Philip Carlip, who claims that he has passed out \$2.5 million in political contributions over the past 25 years, says that about \$4,500 of it went to Ford's campaigns from 1968 to 1972.

The maritime unions turned against Ford after he became President and vetoed in 1974 a bill requiring 20% of all U.S. oil imports to be carried in American ships. Ford objected that the bill would raise fuel costs. The unions have since swung behind Carter. He assured the Marine Engineers last May that he wants to strengthen the U.S. cargo fleet and—the key point—"assure our U.S. flag merchant marine a fair share of all types of cargo."

In any case, Jesse M. Calhoun, president of the Marine Engineers, sponsored a \$1,000-a-person fund-raising dinner in Washington on June 30 that raised \$150,000 for Carter's primary campaign. This more than matched some direct Seafarers' donations to other recent presidential candidates: \$100,000 to Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey in 1968; \$100,000 to Richard Nixon in 1972. Now, in election year 1976, had some maritime union leader or industry informer brought a false charge against Ford?

Back in Michigan, Republican officials were confident that nothing would come of the investigation. As for the union leaders, Calhoun claimed, "I'm completely mystified by the whole thing. I don't know what the investigation is about."

Ford finally yielded to persistent press inquiries and public needling from Carter that he at least meet with the press. Last Thursday he summoned White House reporters to his office. At first, reporters could not get a clear-cut denial from a somewhat nervous President. Asked if he could

"say categorically that there has never been any misuse of campaign funds when you ran for Congress," Ford predicted that "when the investigation is completed, I will be free of any allegations such as I have read about." Reporters tried twice more. Finally, Ford denied flatly that he had received "any campaign funds for personal use."

Newsmen also asked about Ford's acceptance, while he was a Congressman, of free golf outings and overnight stays at private clubs. The bills were paid by several corporations, including U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Alcoa and Firestone. The matter was hardly of great significance, since such freebies were common, at least in pre-Watergate Washington. Carter, in fact, has conceded that he and his family were guests of Brunswick (G.A.) Pulp & Paper Co. at its showcase "pine plantation" for several days in 1972, when he was Governor of Georgia. He had been invited there, the company said, to discuss his plans to merge the state forestry commission with the Georgia department of natural resources. Carter acknowledged last week that "it would have been better not" to have made such visits, and promised he would not do it again.

**Casual Talk.** Speaking of his corporate golfing partners, Ford said, "These are close, personal friends and have been for many years, and I have never accepted—or I don't believe they have tendered—any special privileges or anything that was improper." Ford said he had returned the hospitality at his Burning Tree Golf Club or at his home. He did concede, after some hesitation, that on such outings "certain matters" of political interest to his hosts were discussed "in a casual way."

At week's end there were reports that the special prosecutor was about to clear Ford completely on the campaign-fund probe. Hearing of Ford's denials of fund misuse, Carter did not press the question. Said he, "That ends the matter as far as I am involved."

#### AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BUTZ IN HIS OFFICE





## POLITICS

## It's a Clash of the Clans

Suddenly they are everywhere, a blitzkrieg of attractive and affable—and politically acute—wives and sons and daughters-in-law, plus an occasional daughter, brother or aunt, all barnstorming the country like seasoned pros, living out of suitcases, up at 5:30 a.m. and to bed at midnight, addressing the local Kiwanis Club and staging rousing rallies in shopping centers, the gallant families of Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford, doing their bit to win the election for dear old Dad.

While the propriety of using one's kith and kin in such a fashion can be debated (see TIM ISSAY), there is no doubt that the cheerfully assorted Carters and Fords have enlivened the 1976 race for the White House. "They provide a

rades. So, smiling like a homecoming queen, Susan is dispatched to march down Main Streets at the first roll of a drum. Mike Ford, 26, married and a divinity student at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in South Hamilton, Mass., last week announced that he had decided to get involved in the campaign because it was his Christian duty to do so. Opening the Ford headquarters in Augusta, Me., Mike graciously dismissed the criticism of Carter's just-in-his-heart remarks in *Playboy*: "It was just an honest expression of his human nature," said he, adding that the interview was not a valid campaign issue.

The most active and effective of the Ford children by far is Jack, who not only looks like a cowboy but smokes Marlboros. Tall (6 ft.), blond, ruggedly handsome and beguilingly informal, he flew off on a four-day tour of the Midwest last week carrying a green knapsack decorated with a KEEP BETTY IN THE WHITE HOUSE button. People often confuse the Ford sons and push their way up to Jack to say, "Gee, Mike,"

or "Gee, Steve, can I have your autograph?" Rather than embarrass anybody, Jack signs the appropriate name. One of Jack's recurring problems is how to dodge the blind dates that his hosts eagerly set up with their daughters. While visiting St. Mary's College in Indiana last week, Jack was mobbed and soundly bussed by screaming coeds.

**Poised Beauty.** Unfortunately for the President, one of the best campaigners in the family has been handicapped this fall. Betty Ford has tired easily since her mastectomy two years ago (she is in the final stages of receiving chemotherapy), and she suffers from painful osteoarthritis in the left side of her neck and shoulder. For a short period, she can still dazzle with one of the brightest smiles in American politics, but when she does venture onto the hustings, Ford's staffers are under strict instructions to see that she is not required to speak or stand for any period of time.

The Republicans are also being helped by Elizabeth Dole, the wife of Senator Robert Dole. Ford's caustically witty running mate, a former member of the Federal Trade Commission, Liddy Dole is a poised beauty from North Carolina who manages to soften her husband's gunfighter image.

"She's part of our Southern strategy," says Dole proudly. Similarly, Joan Mondale, the vivacious and savvy wife of Senator Walter Mondale, is brightening the Democratic ticket, although she got off to a shocking start. Asked by a television reporter on the West Coast to explain the difference between Watergate and the sex scandals of Democratic Congressman Wayne Hays, Mrs. Mondale said, "The issue is Watergate or waterbed. The Democrats do it to their secretaries, but the Republicans do it to the country." Today she hides her head in her hands when asked about the slip and says, "It was totally out of character for me—it was naughty."

Clan Carter not only is bigger than the Ford family—besides Jimmy and Rosalynn, nine of its members are campaigning hard—but it is organized with the cold efficiency and zeal for battle that marks the campaign of the candidate himself. Rosalynn Carter is so effective that she roams the country on her own, a kind of political free safety (see box), but the tours of the rest of the Carter children, in-laws, and various relatives are coordinated by a special six-man staff working with the closely guarded "situation room" in Atlanta. Itineraries are geared to big events and media markets, with special attention given to key states like Illinois, Ohio,



LIDDY DOLE POLITICKING IN OHIO

Doing their gallant best to have a winner in the family.



JOAN MONDALE STUMPING IN ILLINOIS

those of us in the family have some important impressions to convey about him.

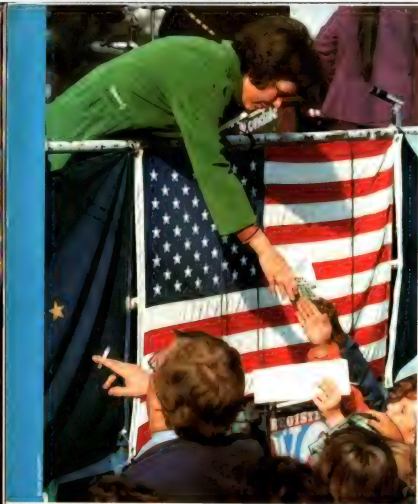
The members of the President's family of fine Fords do pretty much what they want and go pretty much where they choose. Steve Ford, 20, who wants to be a rancher when he graduates from California State Polytechnic University, is touring scenic backwaters of the Far West with his boyhood friend Kevin Kennedy in a 27-ft. motor home, undismayed by the fact that the bears may outnumber the voters in some of these districts. Last week Steve pulled up in front of the Home Cafe in Dupuyer, Mont. (pop. less than 100), and before his order of pancakes had arrived found himself surrounded by ranchers, the local G.O.P. committeeman and the sheriff, who was wearing camouflage coveralls and carrying six arrows in his hip pocket—He was going deer hunting. Steve talked cattle and politics. Before he left, a tall man introduced himself. "I'm an Indian, and I hate to say it but I'm voting for Carter." That off his chest, he walked out. Later Steve said, "If we win, I'll be happy for my father. If we lose, I get my father back again. Either way, the family will be a winner."

Susan Ford, 19, does not like—or excel in—public speaking, and can be pouty about campaigning, but she is fond of ra-





**CAMPAIGNING FORDS:** Florida Specialist Susan marches in Manhattan. Jack admires 842 peppers in New Mexico. Betty seeks youth vote in Louisiana. Steve treats a child in a hospital in California.



CAMPAIGNING CARTERS: Rosalynn stops to converse in Fort Wayne; and makes sadness. Chia downs with seniors in San Francisco. Jack shows off sombrero in Wisconsin. Jeff gives a greeting in Oklahoma.



California and Pennsylvania. The Carters—not including Jimmy and Rosalynn—have hit as many as 127 cities and 35 states in one week.

James Earl Carter III, 26, known as "Chip," was out in front of the main gate at the Bell Helicopter plant in Hurst, Texas, grinning at the workers and shaking hands, being careful to squeeze a mile harder than the other person—an old pro's trick to ease the wear and tear on himself. "Hi, Chip," one worker nodded pleasantly. "I heard you was gonna be here." Replied Carter: "We sure do need your help in November." Chip has been home only six times for brief visits during the past year, but, unlike his father, he still finds a lot to laugh about in politics. When a young woman in Hurst knelt to photograph his Jimmy Carter belt buckle, Chip jumped back in mock alarm. Said he: "I thought you were lustin' after my belt buckle." The best Carter campaigner, excluding Mom and Dad, Chip will have stumped in 48 states by Election Day. Twice he flunked speech courses in college. He boasts: "I could pass now."

**Hurried Responses.** While Chip was working California, Texas, Missouri and Ohio during the past week, his wife Karen, 25, who has a master's degree in early-childhood education, was touring Tennessee, Oklahoma and Kansas, even though she is expecting her first child in February. "I feel good and I want to do my part," she says, "but the campaign pulls one way and my doctor the other." She relishes the action, and after 18 months at it still cannot believe that she would ever be "out talking to hundreds of people about foreign policy."

Meanwhile, Jeff Carter, 24, the shiest of the boys, was

rocketing around Oklahoma, where his boots-and-jeans style was especially appreciated. "At first I despised it," he confesses, "havin' to go up to people and try to talk to them. Now they come up to me." When he is asked what he does on the hustings, Jeff replies: "I give speeches. I eat cookies. I cut ribbons."

Meanwhile, back East in Wall Street, a bullhorn blared: "Come meet Jack Carter, son of Jimmy Carter, the next President of the United States." Walking with a small entourage, Jack, 29, got friendly if hurried responses from passers-by in the financial district, not the most popular area to discuss his father's tax views.

The redoubtable Miss Lillian, Carter's 78-year-old mother, does not go on the road much these days, although she does hold court for the press in Plains. But her younger sister, Emily Dolvin, the widow of an insurance man, has turned out to be the secret weapon of the Carter campaign—a tiny, stylishly dressed, white-haired dynamo. After she whipped through Maine, Senator Edmund Muskie called Carter to say in awe: "Everywhere I go, your Aunt Sissy is there." She is in particular demand on the senior-citizen circuit, but she delights all audiences, hauling her own bags and declaring in a soft, honeyed drawl: "Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter's Aunt Sissy. I hope you'll vote for my boy for President."

In La Crosse, Wis., Aunt Sissy took part in an event that epitomizes the efforts being made by the members of both the Ford and Carter families to get their man home first on election day. To gain a few local headlines that might help Nephew Jimmy along the way, Aunt Sissy sat down some 800 miles from home and—with great éclat—milked her first cow.

## She's Running for First Lady

TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo last week followed Rosalynn Carter on the campaign trail. Her report:

In the 5 o'clock commuter rush of the Chicago and North Western Station, Rosalynn Carter, rustling up votes for her husband, was confronted with a surly question: "Are you running for First Lady?" She looked the man in the eye and retorted, with a trace of defiance, "Yes!" She added, "There are so many things that need to be done in this country—so much in mental health, for the elderly. It excites me to think that I could help." The hostile questioner pressed her to justify why her promises had anything to do with Jimmy Carter's campaign. "Because," she said evenly, her gray-green eyes a cold contrast to her warm smile, "I come with him."

Indeed she does. Rosalynn Carter, 49, has earned her place as part of a husband-wife political team by virtue of unparalleled effort. For 18 months she has campaigned almost full time. Last week her minisquadron of two Learjets whistled along for 4,965 miles, touching down in such cities as Jackson, Miss., Chicago, Erie, Pa., Cincinnati and Atlanta. Mayors and Governors welcome her, a phalanx of motorcycle police escorts her on freeways cleared of traffic, audiences in crowded halls give her standing ovations. Bob Armstrong, Carter's campaign manager in Texas, says

frankly, "Some people think Rosalynn is a better campaigner than Jimmy."

Rosalynn (pronounced *Rose-linn*) likes campaigning on her own. She considers it "a waste of my time" to travel with her husband, observing that "it's a big country out there, with so many people to meet." Her days are surrealistic: she is up and away at dawn, and before she crawls into bed, many hours and several states later, she will have made six or eight speeches, given as many as 18 interviews and held three or four open press conferences.

Feet firmly planted in conservative black pumps, she stands before audiences with no notes, her only prop a glass of water. With a spontaneity that makes her long-mastered speech sound newly minted, she hard-sells Jimmy Carter. These two sides of Rosalynn Carter, velvet and steel, have caused a minor quandary: she cannot decide whether to dub her swift little campaign plane *Magnolia One or First Person*, a women's-lib twitting of the First Lady title.

Increasingly, Rosalynn Carter is indicating that she intends to play a substantive role in a Carter Administration. Asked who would handle the problems of the elderly, she replies emphatically, "I'm going to work with the elderly." She quickly ticks off programs she would work for: hot lunches, transportation for senior citizens, home maintenance.

Her aplomb is born of experience and discipline. "At first I worried about everything I said, how I looked, was I

dressed just right. But you cannot do that and be effective, so I learned from Jimmy that you just relax and do the best you can."

On her weekends at home in Plains, she catches up with Amy's life. Mrs. Carter has been criticized for spending these 18 months on the road, with an eight-year-old daughter at home, but she maintains that Amy is happy surrounded by cousins and friends and tended by "Miss Lillian," her grandmother.

It would be impossible for Rosalynn Carter to have worked less than her full measure on the campaign. Hard work is in the marrow of her bones. She does not think it odd that tiny Plains should have produced two such overachievers as Rosalynn and Jimmy Carter. "I believe that anybody could do what I've done. I never dreamed I'd be in the Governor's mansion. I never thought I could make a speech, but you just do it. I believe I was helped by the fact of feeling secure, of having the kind of stability that comes from knowing all those people in Plains care for me."

Serene and determined, Rosalynn is unafraid of controversy "if it's a matter important to me." Her guiding philosophy: "Jimmy tells me that if you do anything, you'll be criticized. Only when you don't do anything will you not be criticized."

"I think he's going to win," she says of her husband. "But if Jimmy loses, I don't think I'd have any regrets about any of it, because I know that every member of my family has done everything they possibly can."

# A New Idea: Leave the Family at Home

*The first coup d'état in American history was not unexpected. There had been telltale signs. Just as a Soviet official's demotion is revealed when he fails to show up in a Krenflin photograph, so the President had disappeared from recent White House portraits. His signature on bills looked suspiciously shaky, and there were rumors of a last swim in the White House pool.*

*Then the truth was known. The First Family had seized power. Since its members had done so much campaigning, they reasoned that they should be allowed to serve. The First Lady moved into the Oval Office and turned the desk to face the Rose Garden. Son Biff took command of the Pentagon since he had made so many pronouncements on defense policy during the campaign. Daughter Brenda, who washed down so many votes with her teas, became Secretary of State. With her concern for beautification, Bobo took Interior, EPA and, for good measure, Agriculture. Because he logged more campaign miles than anybody else, Bradford grabbed the ICC and the IEA Billingsgate, who eagerly commented on all topics, was a natural for press secretary despite his age, seven. Throughout the coup, the wholesome, ever-smiling, photogenically perfect First Family performed flawlessly as usual.*

For all the wonders being worked by Betty, Mike, Jack, Steve and Susan, it is presumed that President Ford need fear no such bedroom and playroom revolt. Jimmy Carter remains his principal worry. Well, not just Jimmy. There's Rosalynn and Chip and Jeff and — The plain fact is that never before in a presidential campaign have spouses and progeny played such a conspicuous role. Which raises a question: Should a presidential election begin to sound like Book CXXXV of *One Man's Family*?

In a sense, the trend is understandable. The family campaigners can extend the candidate's image far beyond what he could achieve alone. They are added eyes, ears and antennas. They can appeal to generations and interest groups by whom the candidate might not be welcomed or understood. They ensure constant exposure of the candidate's name.

But must wives and children be programmed as if they were the candidate himself? Until recently, the political family had quite a different view of its proper function: it should be seen only occasionally and not heard at all. Americans survived the 19th century without knowing the everyday habits of politicians' families. There were brainy, determined and manipulative First Ladies—Abigail Adams, Dolley Madison, Lucy Hayes, among others. But they exercised their power at the hearthside with their husbands. A campaign biographer could think of no great-

er accolade for Lucy Hayes than to call her "the true housewife, the noble consort, the faithful Christian mother."

Even when politicians began to campaign in earnest at the end of the century, their families stayed unobtrusively on the sidelines. If wives did appear with their husbands in public, they had nothing to say, or at least said nothing that seemed to matter. A campaign biographer boasted of Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey: "She has a mind of her own, but she ventures no political opinions except to her closest friends. She makes no speeches. She could make a speech, but she sees no reason for making one."

Eleanor Roosevelt, who broke the First Lady mold by enlisting in causes that raised people's eyebrows and sometimes their blood pressure, nevertheless was reluctant to campaign for Franklin. "I never felt it was good taste to go out and electioneer for my husband," she wrote. On the famous whistle-stop tour with her father in 1948, Margaret Truman refused all interviews except to a reporter turned out to be a sorority sister who gave the proper grip.

It was the 1960 presidential campaign that brought the family out in the streets. The Kennedys recruited an astonishing assortment of relatives who swamped voters with tea and sympathy. Only the candidates' wives, Jackie Kennedy and Pat Nixon, remained relatively aloof—Jackie because she was pregnant, Pat because she usually served as a prim decoration on the speaker's platform. In 1964 a President's wife first emerged as an aggressive campaigner. Lyndon Johnson had troubles in the South because of his support of civil rights measures. Lady Bird went to Dixie for him. Her eight-state, 1,700-mile whistle-stop tour salved Southern wounds and demonstrated that a wife could



JACKIE KENNEDY IN 1960 (RIGHT); LADY BIRD JOHNSON ON 1964 TOUR OF SOUTH, PAT NIXON, A STOIC OBSERVER OF HUSBAND IN 1958





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## ESSAY

perform in the political big leagues. The precedent was set. Muriel Humphrey took to the stump for Hubert in 1968. Even Mrs. Nixon, unfairly known as "Plastic Pat," began to unbend. Eventually she could tour on her own and work airport fences with the best of them.

Now that the presidency has become so powerful and so personalized, voters are understandably curious about the woman the Chief Executive has married and the children he has raised. But with all the family fanfare, the public may end up knowing less than more. It makes as much sense to take candidates' children seriously on issues as it does to criticize them for their slip-ups. When Jeff Carter made a derogatory remark about Billy Graham in Oklahoma last week, it proved nothing beyond the fact that Jeff is still a political innocent. His sister Amy, 8, may have the right idea. After she was erroneously accused in the press of hiking prices at her lemonade stand, she refused any more interviews. Amy has her charm, but the public's right to know has not been irreparably damaged by her silence.

Occasionally, families are not as helpful as they are made out to be. During the 1972 primary contest, Jane Muskie was criticized for faking salty language. When press accounts appeared, Senator Edmund Muskie looked tearful as he defended his wife's honor—a scene that spoiled his Lincoln-esque

image and hurt his election chances. Eleanor McGovern was so forthright on the issues that she became the first candidate's wife to appear on *Meet the Press*. But her success may have been too much to handle; she was unable to work in harmony with her husband's campaign staff.

Trying to be too many things to too many people can deprive a family of its own integrity. Such is the theme of Frank Hogan's recent play *Finn MacCool*, in which campaigning is equated with the devil's own work. Under a satanic compulsion they are too vain to resist, a Kennedy-like family drives one member after another into the hell of politics. In fact, campaigning is more purgatory than hades, and families are more likely to be consumed by television coverage than hellfire. Still, the extensive use of the family as campaigners smacks of cynical exploitation, a show-business gimmick calculated to dazzle and distract. And what of the politician who (Nielsen forbid!) has a homely wife or less than bright children? The day seems not far off when he will be burned from running. Should families skulk back to the home or suppress their need (if it exists) to express themselves? That is one possibility. But even short of such drastic action, it might be useful to remember that it is the candidate who is running for the presidency. He is the one America wants to measure.

Edwin Warner

## THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

# Cherishing the Right to Get Rich

That compelling American purpose of getting rich (or at least richer) and enjoying it is a key point in this fall's political argument.

While Jimmy Carter has settled most of his indignation on getting rich unfairly—on tax loopholes and the lobbyists who preserve and enlarge them—his fervid campaign cries often have biblical overtones suggesting that the wealthy are vaguely evil. Gerald Ford, on the other hand, eagerly indulges in the resort rituals of the rich and sometimes seems more enamored with White House luxuries like Camp David and Air Force One than his job. Ford's love of the golf circuit bucked his congressional days could cost him crucial support, since it has been revealed corporations footed some of the bills.

Both Carter and Ford, however, seem to be searching nervously for some firm political ground between the overstatements of American poverty, which, in the view of Carter foes, sometimes smack of demagoguery, and a voluptuous embrace of materialism.

It is not easy. For 75 years this nation was possessed by what Lord Beaverbrook called "the money brain . . . the supreme brain." Calvin Coolidge updated it by croaking, "The business of America is business." Those notions were set back by the bust of 1929, and Franklin Roosevelt chose to pick up the pieces by assailing "economic royalists." Since then the rich have once again been a prime political target.

The picture today is complicated by the fact the Democratic candidate, who affects a plain-folks style, is a man who left public service to take over a falter-

ing family business. He then pursued its enlargement with relentless skill. With the help of tax preferences and Government props, he created a million-dollar concern, made \$137,000 last year, on which he paid just under 13% federal income tax. A million dollars does not, of course, mean what it used to, but the magical figure still inspires the notion that a fellow has done pretty well. The Republican contender, while moving pleasantly and obediently through the world of wealth, has been a salaried officeholder virtually all his adult life and has accumulated only a modest estate. He paid almost 38% of his \$252,000 income last year in federal income taxes.

It appears that America's perception of itself economically has taken a subtle but significant shift. Carter seems

## THE PRESIDENT-AT EASE WITH LUXURY



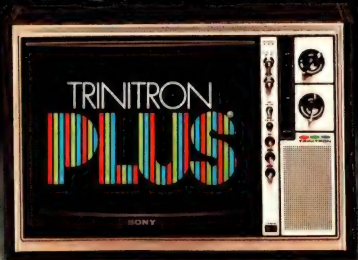
to have the most adjusting to do, having already taken back some of the promises made in his acceptance speech, still clarifying his ideas about taxes. It turns out from the evidence being mined by pollsters and politicians that a lot of Americans are rich or so close it hurts and a lot more have got the fever from them.

There are an estimated 240,000 millionaires in the country, an infinitesimal sample when compared with 215 million people, but not so insignificant when held up against the 56 million families. It means that if a person is acquainted with about 200 families, one of those is apt to be worth a million or more. More Americans are brushed by such riches than ever before in history. If an annual income of \$50,000 per family is considered the start of wealth, then 1 family out of 70 has reached that goal. If \$20,000 a year can be considered enough to keep the dream of being rich alive, then 1 out of every 4 families has not only the urge but perhaps the hope.

What all this suggests is that a great body of Americans still cherish the right to get rich. Indeed, the desire may even have been enlarged in these past years.

One evident political result is that the fear of inflation and concern about new taxes and tax loopholes, long considered the exclusive worries of the well-to-do, are concerns of a majority of the population. Way back in 1972 when George McGovern proposed a 100% inheritance tax on all holdings over half a million dollars, the most vehement opposition came from blue-collar workers. A bemused McGovern asked, "What do they think—that they are all going to win the state lottery?" Apparently so—that enduring American lottery, which offers tempting odds that a lot of plain old boys can get pretty rich—like Jimmy Carter did.

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## INTELLIGENCE

### Big-Mouth Belenko

Soviet jet experts faced a serious problem despite the use of grain alcohol, an old but effective de-icer: the windshields of MiG-25 Foxbat interceptors were icing up. What had gone wrong? The answer, according to Lieut. Viktor Ivanovich Belenko: Soviet crew chiefs on the ground were drinking the grain alcohol to relieve Siberian boredom and surreptitiously replacing the liquid with water.

That is only one of the fascinating tidbits about the Soviet air force that U.S. intelligence debriefers have gleaned from Belenko since the 29-year-old defecting pilot flew his Foxbat to northern Japan's Hakodate airport last month (TIME, Sept. 20). Meanwhile, as the Soviets fume, American aeronautical experts have been examining the MiG-25 inch by eager inch, learning everything they always wanted to know about the one plane in the world that can outclimb and outfly the hottest U.S. fighters.

Belenko told his American interrogators that at 80,000 ft. his jet could fly safely at only Mach 2.8 (1,850 m.p.h.), rather than the Mach 3.2 of prototype MiG-25s. Even at Mach 2.8, he complained, his engines overheated and the four air-to-air missiles slung under the wings vibrated dangerously. U.S. technicians have discovered that Soviet technology is surprisingly old-fashioned in many ways: the MiG-25's wrinkled wings were welded by hand rather than by machine, and rivets were not ground flush to reduce drag. Beyond that, the plane is so heavy (64,200 lbs.) that Soviet designers apparently had to eliminate a pilot-ejection apparatus. Despite these shortcomings, one expert admitted to TIME Correspondent Joseph Kane last week that the MiG-25 is a "fantastic" airplane. Its engines burn with less soot than American planes and produce 27,000 lbs. of thrust rather than the 24,500 lbs. that U.S. experts had estimated.

**Aerial Ambition.** Belenko is proving to be almost as interesting as his plane. Foul-mouthed and boastful, the flamboyant fighter pilot has lamented that he never achieved his greatest aerial ambition—to shoot down an SR-71 Blackbird, the high-flying supersonic American spy plane.

His wife Lyudmila and his mother appeared on Soviet television last week, pleading with their defector to come home. Moscow promised there would be no reprisals. In Washington, a Soviet diplomat was allowed a 50-minute interview with Belenko, who was brought from his debriefing at Airline House, a conference center in the Virginia foothills. The pilot refused entreaties to return home, and his U.S. hosts happily resumed their debriefing. The longer the revealing conversations continue, the safer it would seem for the blabbing Belenko to stay in the West.



POLICEMEN, SOME IN MODEST DISGUISE, PROTEST BY THE THOUSANDS IN NEW YORK

## NEW YORK

### Law and Disorder

Color the scene *A Clockwork Orange*. On the night of the Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton heavyweight fight last week, the action outside Yankee Stadium was worthy of Stanley Kubrick's chiller: gangs of youths rampaged, snatching tickets from fans, breaking into parked cars, seizing a city bus, attempting unsuccessfully to get into the stadium. An attractive woman was shoved face-first into a concrete wall outside the ballpark, and while she bleated in terror, three patrolmen watched unmoving. Pickpockets bumped profitably through the crowd lifting wallets, and young thugs from the wasteland of the South Bronx grabbed women's bottoms and tore open bodices. Some 500 uniformed New York police supposedly guarding the stadium had made no more than an occasional arrest by the night's stormy end.

Certainly no arrests were made by the 1,000 other policemen who were also on the scene. These were off-duty cops, who were blowing whistles, chanting slogans and tying up fight-bound traffic, actions that had the on-duty cops cheering.

The chaos at the stadium was just one in a series of protests last week by militant members of the New York Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the city's cop union. Their aim was to draw public attention to the P.B.A.'s disapproval of a work schedule and wage package offered to the union by the financially pressed city. The P.B.A. was angered by a change of hours that would raise a patrolman's work time from 243 days a year to 253 and shorten his weekends. It also insisted upon a pay raise of 6%, retroactive to July 1975, a demand for which it had won court backing, though the case is now being appealed. Other city unions had forgone raises un-

til last month because of the city's fiscal crisis.

Two nights before the stadium mob scene, 1,000 police had protested next to Gracie Mansion, Mayor Abe Beame's residence. They set off firecrackers, clanged garbage-can lids, blocked traffic, and shouted "Wake up, wake up!" through the streets of one of Manhattan's most fashionable neighborhoods.

In one action, 2,500 off-duty cops gathered near the Americana Hotel, where the labor negotiations were going on, shouting chants, jostling pedestrians and tying up midtown traffic for three hours. Another group besieged Police Commissioner Michael Codd's home in Queens, honking horns and yelling epithets: one enthusiastic demonstrator tore the star off the shoulder of a deputy chief inspector and threw his hat and walkie-talkie underneath a car.

**Force Noses.** But it was the failure of the uniformed police to discipline either their off-duty brethren or the mobs at Yankee Stadium that exhausted the city's patience. In an angry statement, Commissioner Codd told his 26,000-man force that any policeman unwilling to accept the responsibility of his job should "retire or get out." Codd promised to bring departmental charges against the offenders and the precinct captains who had allowed the disorders to occur.

Late in the week P.B.A. and city negotiators agreed on a settlement giving the police a 6% wage boost retroactive to Sept. 1 this year. That would bring the base pay of patrolmen to \$17,458 (plus a cost-of-living hike). In exchange the P.B.A. would agree to drop its court suit. But the P.B.A. delegates rejected the pact, and later several thousand off-duty police, some hiding behind false noses, marched on city hall. That left the city facing not only the threat of more demonstrations and rowdiness, but that gravest of concerns: some form of police strike.



SOUTHERN AFRICA/COVER STORY

# POISED BETWEEN

Slipping silently through woods and rolling farm lands about to explode with the new growth of the African spring, black guerrillas eluded the hard-pressed patrols along Rhodesia's frontier with Mozambique and posted crude signs on the fences of white farmers. The signs said simply: **THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES**.

A hundred miles to the west in Salisbury, Rhodesia's pleasant, tree-lined capital, a "troopie" wearing the black beret of Prime Minister Ian Smith's security forces looked up from his post on downtown Jameson Avenue as the season's first dark rain clouds came scudding over the rooftops. "Damn," he said, scowling to his partner. "I was hoping it would hold off a bit longer. The 'terrs' [white Rhodesians' shorthand for terrorists] will be tougher than ever in the rains this year."

The high season for guerrilla warfare begins with the November rains. This year, however, the guerrillas' intentions were just one of many new uncertainties facing Rhodesia's 6.1 million blacks and 274,000 whites. Prime Minister Smith, following Henry Kissinger's dazzling diplomatic foray into southern Africa, had agreed to yield power to his country's black majority in two years time. His decision raised the possibility that Rhodesia—as well as much of the rest of southern Africa—might be poised on the brink of peace instead of a race war that was once thought inevitable.

The success—or failure—of the effort to bring about a peaceful transfer

to majority rule in the last country in southern Africa ruled by a white colonial regime would directly affect the prospects for racial concord or conflict in another, much more important African tinderbox, South Africa. Already, the emotionally charged issue of the future of southern Africa's two white-ruled regimes was reflected, in varying ways, in passions and politics among the 136 million blacks in all of the 16 states in the tier of black Africa south of the equator (see box page 34).

Inevitably, in an age of global interdependence, southern Africa has emerged as a new battleground—so far mostly verbal—for the superpowers. All through Secretary Kissinger's mobile campaign to try to turn the momentum of race and politics in southern Africa from deepening confrontation to negotiation, the Russians were firing rhetorical broadsides from the sidelines, as if the trauma of another siege of shuttle diplomacy were almost more than they could bear. They accused the U.S. of "gimmickry" and of seeking to preserve "not only racial oppression, but the entire neocolonialist setup in Africa."

Kissinger, who just barely had time to unpack his bags in Washington following his return from his twelve-day mission in southern Africa, journeyed to Manhattan to give the U.S. answer at the opening of the United Nations General Assembly. In a solemn, hour-

BLACK RHODESIANS AT POLITICAL RALLY & WHITE RHODESIAN SCHOOLGIRLS SINGING "RHODESIANS NEVER DIE" JUST LAST MONTH





# PEACE AND WAR

long address, he rejected the Soviet charges in blunt terms. Washington, he said, had become involved diplomatically in southern Africa because it was convinced that "racial injustice and the grudging retreat of colonial power" had raised the possibility that the region could become "a vicious battleground with consequences for every part of the world."

The U.S., he added, "wants no special position or sphere of influence in Africa." American interests would be "best served by an Africa seeking its own destiny free of outside intervention." Clearly referring to the Russians, who imported 13,000 Cuban troops into Angola late last year to put a client in power in the former Portuguese colony, Kissinger added: "The rivalry and interference of non-African powers would make a mockery of Africa's hard-won struggle for independence from foreign domination. It will inevitably be resisted."

Some countries, said the Secretary, may "see a chance for advantage in fueling the flames of war and racial hatred. But those countries are not motivated by concern for the peoples of Africa, or for peace. And if they succeed, they could doom opportunities that might never return."

The chance for peace in Rhodesia is still only that—a chance. Kissinger's main accomplishment—and it was a significant one—was persuading Smith that he had no realistic choice but to accept a British plan, which he had earlier rejected, that would lead Rhodesia to black majority rule within two years. But a settlement that will bring an end to the guerrilla war smoldering along Rhodesia's 800-mile border with Mozambique and 400-mile border with Zambia is by no means a certainty. That war, which began in earnest in December 1972, may well continue through a fourth November-April rainy season. In four years, the fighting has taken the lives of 1,426 guerrillas, 161 Rhodesian troops, 508 black civilians and 47 whites; approximately half of these have been killed in 1976 alone.

Before announcing his regime's acceptance of black majority rule on Rhodesian radio and television two weeks ago, Smith took care to prepare his 20,000-man-armed forces for the blow. He called senior commanders to Salisbury and had them briefed on the terms of the settlement, the commanders in turn told the enlisted men. It is not yet clear just how the troops have taken

the news, but morale is reported to be low (see box page 49).

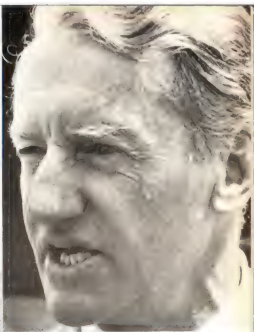
The apparent success of the Kissinger mission caught most of the world by surprise. The Secretary made it clear that he regarded the deal with Smith as only the beginning of negotiations. And indeed, by last week it was obvious that there were serious misunderstandings among the various black and white governments in Africa with which Kissinger had held discussions.

The trouble started when Smith, in his TV address, spelled out his version of the terms of the agreement. In the interim government, which would pave the way for black rule, he said, there would be a four-man council of state, to be composed of two whites and two blacks, with one of the whites serving as chairman. This body would be "supreme" over a council of ministers, which was to have a black majority and a black "First Minister." However, Smith added, the key ministries of Defense and Law and Order—the important security posts—would be reserved for whites. The new, majority-rule constitution, he added, would be "drawn up in Rhodesia by Rhodesians"—meaning the council of state, on which the whites will have all-important parity.

Overall, the formula seemed acceptable to most Rhodesians, blacks as well as whites. But it angered some Rhodesian black nationalists, as well as the five African "front-line" Presidents of Zambia, Tanzania, Botswana, Mozambique and Angola) with whom Kissinger had been dealing. The five leaders met in Lusaka, Zambia, and denounced the settlement as outlined by Smith.

**W**hat was going on? Had Kissinger misled one side or the other? Had Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda and Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, to whom Kissinger had explained the formula, changed their minds? Kissinger-watchers noted that the Secretary had given Smith a written list of key points but showed nothing in writing to the African Presidents. Smith might easily have assumed that the black leaders had seen and approved the same paper, but that was not the case.

Among other things, the African leaders objected to the notion of the council of state as supreme, the allotment of the two security ministries to whites, and Smith's inference that the new constitution would be drawn up in



RHODESIAN PRIME MINISTER IAN SMITH



KISSINGER AT THE UNITED NATIONS  
The end of the beginning.

side Rhodesia. They also wanted greater speed: "We are talking about majority rule in four to six weeks," said Julius Nyerere, "with the formation of an interim government." Nyerere also noted wryly that Smith had ended his TV speech with Churchill's famous line: "Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning." Said Nyerere: "If Smith says it is the end of the beginning, we are saying we will go on, we will go on for the next ten years."

Most important, the African leaders demanded that Britain, as the Rhodesians' titular colonial sovereign, convene



TANZANIA'S NYERERE, ZAMBIA'S KAUNDA

a conference to iron out details about the makeup of the interim government, and take part in a subsequent constitutional conference as well. Snorted Salisbury's Foreign Affairs Minister P.K. van der Byl: "It simply shows the irresponsibility and unreliability of those we have to deal with."

Perhaps the greatest risk involved in the Lusaka statement was that it might give Smith a chance to back out of his agreement. Twice before—in talks with Harold Wilson aboard the Royal Navy ships *HMS Tiger* in 1966 and *HMS Fearless* in 1968—Smith had seemingly agreed to end Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI). But then he returned to Salisbury "to consult my colleagues," and changed his mind. He actually initiated an agreement for ultimate majority rule in 1971, but a British commission went to Rhodesia in early 1972 and decided that the proposal was unacceptable to black Rhodesians. This time the pressure on Smith was far greater—and to some ex-

tent he may have been influenced by a U.S.-British offer to provide \$1.5 billion to \$2 billion as a "safety net" to protect Rhodesian whites against losses incurred by a transition to black rule.

Throughout the week, Washington remained determinedly optimistic, insisting that the Rhodesian agreement was still "on the track." All parties had accepted the principle of majority rule, said U.S. officials, and were now merely engaged in pre-conference maneuvering. The details mentioned in Smith's speech were to be negotiated at the conference, and Smith might not even be represented. Upon hearing this, Salisbury expressed "surprise."

Like Kissinger, British Prime Minister James Callaghan was convinced that the Rhodesian initiative had not been seriously damaged. The British government has been reluctant to become embroiled in the Rhodesian problem again, having been burned by it before. But London an-

## A GUIDE TO THE BLACK FRONT

The 16 states of subequatorial Africa have varying degrees of involvement in the region's gathering racial, political and ideological confrontation. Some, like Rwanda and Burundi, which are both the poorest and most densely populated African countries (total pop. 8,300,000 in an area smaller than West Virginia), are too wrapped up in their own tribal rivalries to pay much attention to tensions elsewhere between blacks and whites. Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, the grand old man of African liberation, has kept Kenya out of the Rhodesian confrontation, perhaps because of the frustration he experienced while trying to mediate the Angolan civil war last year. Uganda plays a noisy but purely verbal role in the southern African drama. Uganda's dictator Idi Amin Dada regularly threatens to dispatch a "suicide battalion" to Rhodesia or South Africa; so far, however, Amin has limited the Libyan pilots who fly his Soviet-supplied MIGs to making practice bombing runs on an island in Lake Victoria that he has renamed "Cape Town."

Other states that depend on trade with the white regimes have adopted contrasting political postures. In Zaïre (pop. 25,600,000), which has been receiving U.S. military and economic aid to counter Soviet influence in neighboring Angola, strongman President Mobutu Sese Seko takes a firm stand against Rhodesia and South Africa in public while carrying on a brisk covert trade (perhaps as much as \$100 million a year) with the white regimes. Malawi (pop. 5,100,000) practically flaunts its desire for cordial relations with the white

governments. Says the country's U.S.-educated President, Hastings Kamuzu Banda: "I'd trade with the devil if it's for the good of Malawi."

The countries most deeply involved in the struggle over southern Africa are the five black African front-line states. A brief Baedeker of the five:

**TANZANIA.** Pop. 15,600,000. Independent (from Britain) since 1961. One-party socialist regime; 25% Christian, 31% Moslem, the rest animist. Literacy, 20%. Per capita G.N.P., \$156. Exports: cotton, coffee, sisal, cloves. A primitive agricultural economy beset by zealous collectivization campaigns.

President Julius Nyerere, 54, is the leader of the front-line-five chiefs, occupying the swing position between the moderates and the militants. Tanzania's capital, Dar es Salaam, is headquarters of the Organization of African Unity committee charged with planning confrontation strategy with white regimes, as well as a port for guerrilla supplies from the Soviet Union and China. Five thousand Rhodesian insurgents are training in Tanzanian camps.

**ZAMBIA.** Pop. 5,100,000. Independent (from Britain) since 1964. One-party government based on President Kenneth Kaunda's philosophy of "Humanism," which he defines as primary concern for "the dignity of the individual." Literacy, 20%. Per capita G.N.P., \$500. Economy is almost entirely dependent on copper for cash income and is currently in deep recession because of a drop in world prices.

Kaunda, 52, is the most peace-minded of the front-line-five. He met with South Africa's Vorster and Rhodesia's Smith in a failed effort to get Rhodesian negotiations under way last year, but has since reluctantly endorsed the armed struggle. His country now harbors 2,500 Rhodesian and 6,000 Namibian guerrillas.

**MOZAMBIQUE.** Pop. 9,300,000. Independent (from Portugal) since June 1975. One-party Communist-socialist regime. Literacy, 7%. Per capita G.N.P., \$200. Exports: cashew nuts, sugar, cotton. Economy was hurt by the ten-year preindependence guerrilla war, which was followed by a flight of skilled whites and imposition of doctrinaire socialism. The country is heavily dependent upon transit trade with South Africa and \$120 million a year in wage remittances from Mozambicans employed in its mines.

Marxist President Samora Machel, 43, rejects a peaceful settlement for Rhodesia and says that a long war is needed to "liberate the minds" of blacks. He operates camps for 5,000 to 8,000 Rhodesian guerrillas. His own Chinese-trained 10,000-man army has staged an occasional raid into Rhodesia.

**BOTSWANA.** Pop. 700,000. Independent (from Britain) since 1966. Multiparty parliamentary democracy. Literacy, 10%. Per capita G.N.P., \$280. Exports: beef, diamonds, hides and skins. Economy is expanding (exports have increased twelve times since independence, to \$120 million in 1975) with the discovery of abundant mineral wealth and substantial foreign investment.

Although Botswana is heavily dependent on trade with neighboring South Africa and Rhodesia, President

nounced its willingness to convene a conference in southern Africa to discuss the formation of an interim government in Salisbury.

London's decision was greeted with enthusiasm in Gaborone, where African leaders had gathered to help celebrate Botswana's tenth anniversary of independence. "Good news," declared Zambia's President Kaunda. Rhodesian Nationalist Joshua Nkomo, a leading candidate to head a post-Smith government in Rhodesia (see box page 41), was "delighted." Added one of his rivals, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, "That's great."

With negotiation near, Rhodesian black leaders were busily conferring with each other. Both Nkomo, whose strength is in the rural areas, and Muzorewa, whose followers are mostly urban Africans, were wooing Robert Mugabe, who is influential with the guerrillas based in Mozambique. Either would like to join forces with Mugabe, thereby gaining guerrilla support. Mugabe is said to place emphasis on the

need for military unity. The three are united on one point, at least: the country's name will be Zimbabwe (after an ancient African civilization that once thrived there).

For most of the eleven years since UDI, Rhodesia had survived surprisingly well as an international outcast. Dozens of international firms, as well as a number of countries, continued to do business with it despite U.N. sanctions; since the passage of the Byrd Amendment in 1972, U.S. firms had been buying Rhodesian chrome in open defiance of the U.N. ban.

**B**ut for the past 18 months, the situation had grown steadily more ominous for Ian Smith. The number of guerrillas based inside Rhodesia had quadrupled in just six months, to as many as 3,000; another 5,000 to 8,000 were based in Mozambique, and 2,500 or so in Zambia. The guerrillas are well armed—mostly with Soviet bloc equipment—and increasingly well

trained. They have been so active even in the dry season, when army patrols are more effective, that civilian cars have had to travel in armed convoys on many roads. Road and rail links to South Africa are increasingly threatened. According to one widely accepted rubric about guerrilla warfare, a government needs 10 to 20 soldiers to defend itself against every guerrilla involved in an insurgency; white Rhodesia was in no position to bear such a burden for long.

Gradually these grim facts have taken their toll on civilian morale. The latest migration figures were particularly discouraging. During the first eight months of 1975, there was a net increase of 1,510 white Rhodesians; this year, during the same period, there was a net loss of 4,030.

A few of Smith's white countrymen hold him responsible for what is happening to Rhodesia. "There is a widespread feeling," says a local mining executive, "that, in retrospect, UDI was a waste of time, money and lives. If we

Seretse Khama, 55, has been expanding ties with black African countries and refuses to have diplomatic relations with either Pretoria or Salisbury. Forced by geography to be the most conservative of the front-line-five presidents, Khama denies the presence of Rhodesian guerrillas in his country and is reluctant to resort to violent confrontation.

**ANGOLA.** Pop. 6,400,000. Independent (from Portugal) since November 1975. One-party Marxist-socialist state. Literacy: 15%. Per capita G.N.P.: \$490. Exports: diamonds, coffee, oil. Economy was wrecked by the civil war and the exodus of white technicians.

Last February the Moscow-backed President Agostinho Neto, 54, finally

managed to prevail over his Western-backed rivals with the help of \$300 million in Soviet-supplied arms and 12,000 Cuban soldiers. Neto, now the hard-lining of the front-line five, continues to reject a peaceful solution for Rhodesia and harbors 3,000 SWAPO guerrillas across his 800-mile common border with Namibia.



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had settled for a gradual transition eleven years ago and Smith had started to train black successors back then, we would not face such a problem now." But a few hard-liners, like Leonard Idensohn, who heads the small, far-right Rhodesia National Party, criticize him for giving in now. "Smith and his 49 traitors in Parliament have sold us down the river," says Idensohn fiercely. "Fifty corpses hanging from ropes would be a marvelous thing."

To a great many Rhodesians, how-

ever, Ian Smith is still "good old Smithy," the taciturn farmer who, had he been left alone, might have been able to preserve "the Rhodesian way of life" for the country's 274,000 whites. He was not left alone, they believe, and so he had no choice.

The historic event that sealed the fate of white Rhodesia and changed the life of every white man in Africa south of the Zambezi River was the Portuguese revolution in April 1974. The military coup against the Caetano government

in Lisbon led the following year to the granting of independence to Mozambique and Angola—something the old regime vowed would never happen. Before 1975, Mozambique and Angola were Portuguese colonies that served as bulwarks against the southward march of African nationalism; after 1975, their Marxist governments became directly involved in the black struggle to overthrow the remaining white minority regimes. In time, Mozambique cut Rhodesia off from its best rail routes to the

## THE MAN WHO CRIED UNCLE

*"We never have had a policy in Rhodesia to hand over our country to any black majority and, as far as I am concerned, we never will."*

—Ian Smith, March 1976

Ian Douglas Smith, 57, does not easily change his mind. The eleven-year history of renegade white rule in Rhodesia stands as testament to his stubbornness. It was the jut-jawed Smith who, in 1965, led the self-governing British colony into making a unilateral declaration of independence in order to block London's intention of bringing about black majority rule. In the years that followed, Smith led white Rhodesia's dukes-up resistance to international pressure for change. But it was Smith, too, who finally agreed to accept reality. His epochal meeting with U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was, according to one sympathetic witness, "probably the most painful day of his life."

Gauging Smith's exact feelings has always been a difficult task. Passionately private, he has been described as an "extraordinary ordinary man." On several occasions during his long tug of war with London over its demands for representative democracy in Rhodesia he left British officials with the impression that he would give in, only to refuse later on. Former British Prime Minister Harold Wilson once called him the "most slippery political customer I've ever negotiated with." Says another of Smith's acquaintances: "Stubbornness has been that man's strong suit ever since I've known him."

Smith's self-description is somewhat different. "I am a strong right-wing man," he once declared, "but that does not mean either that I am an extremist, or that I am explosive. Very often the extremists are the weak men, and they are the first to get up and run. I have certain values I believe in, quietly and firmly, without shouting or waving my arms about."

Smith's values are those of most of the whites in a land whose colonization

was relatively recent. A second-generation Rhodesian and his nation's first native-born Prime Minister, he is the son of a Scottish butcher and cattle rancher who arrived in Rhodesia in 1898. Smith was raised southwest of Salisbury in the small farming and mining town of Selukwe (pop. 7,900 blacks, 517 whites). His father, he has said, "was one of the fairest men I have ever met, and that is the way he brought me up. He always told me that we're entitled to our half of the country and the blacks are entitled to theirs."

The daredevil defiance with which Smith ran his breakaway regime, friends suggest, reflects his personality as much as his politics. As a pilot flying Hawker Hurricanes in North Africa for the Royal Air Force during World War II, Smith barely survived a spectacular crackup on a takeoff. But after five months of plastic surgery in Cairo, during which his face had to be almost totally rebuilt, he was happily back flying fighter missions. Later he was shot down while strafing German positions in Italy, and found himself stranded far behind enemy lines. Eagerly playing guerrilla, Smith fought with a band of Italian partisans for five months before beginning a 23-day

trek across the Alps to British lines.

In 1948 Smith married a strong-willed South African widow, Janet Watt, whose views on race coincided with his own (they have a son; she has two children from her first marriage). Smith, the ex-pilot, soon gravitated into another form of combat: Rhodesian politics. In 1961, when he was chief whip of the ruling United Federal Party, Smith resigned his seat in protest over a proposed constitution that accepted the British demand for greater black representation in government. Backed by an ultrarightist tobacco tycoon, Douglas ("Boss") Lilford, Smith helped found the Rhodesian Front Party, which won the national elections in 1962 on a "white rights" platform. Smith became Prime Minister in 1964 and soon set Rhodesia on the dramatic road to breakaway from Britain.

White Rhodesian attitudes toward subsequent events are sharply divided. Most whites, however, probably consider Smith a hero for having held out so long.

The Rhodesian rebellion may be at an end, but Ian Smith does not plan to abandon his country. After all, he and his family still have 21,500 acres of prime ranching and farming land to tend in south-central Rhodesia. Says he: "I have no intention of leaving."

IAN SMITH, WIFE JANET & GRANDSON JAMES IN GARDEN OF THEIR SALISBURY HOME







MEMBERS OF RHODESIAN POLICE AUXILIARY WOMEN'S FORCES AT RIFLE PRACTICE  
The chance for peace was still only that—a chance.

sea, forcing it to rely exclusively on South Africa for its trade—and arms. Mozambique also granted sanctuary to more and more Rhodesian guerrillas.

Like all other European settlers in Africa in years past, the Rhodesian whites, by reason of their numbers alone, had always been vulnerable. Of the estimated 313 million people who live in Africa south of the Sahara, 61 million are in southern Africa (including Angola, Zambia and Mozambique). Of these 61 million, only about 5 million are white—and of these, 4.3 million live in South Africa. Before the independence of Angola and Mozambique

changed the power balance in southern Africa, it was just conceivable that 274,000 Rhodesian whites could maintain their position indefinitely over the country's 6.1 million blacks, even though the whites were outnumbered 22 to 1. Thereafter it became a preposterous sham.

The Angolan civil war had an additional effect on southern Africa: it brought Soviet power and influence, partly in the form of Cuban troops, into the area in strength. Inevitably, Washington became concerned about the region's vulnerability to foreign influence. Kissinger wanted to prevent the whole of southern Africa from falling—eventually, and almost by default—into the Soviet orbit; he wanted to head off what appeared to be inevitable race war; and he wanted to create circumstances in which moderate black regimes would have a chance to endure. With these motives in mind, he met John Vorster twice this summer in Europe.

The South African Prime Minister, too, had been concerned about the drift toward conflict in southern Africa. He had previously tried, with some success, to establish trade and even diplomatic ties with black Africa. In time, he believed, black African countries would cease to regard South Africa as a pariah and would recognize that it had much in wealth and expertise to offer the black countries in return for détente. Like Rhodesia, South Africa has a white minority government; but while Rhodesia has 274,000 whites, South Africa has 4.3 million (as well as 18 million blacks, 2.4 million "coloreds" of mixed race and 800,000 Asians). Moreover, the whites of South Africa have been on the continent for more than 300 years and have no other homeland.

But Vorster's tentative efforts at détente with black Africa have been stalled by his unwillingness—or inability—to pursue a domestic détente with the blacks in his own country. This year black Africa was shocked by the rioting that broke out in Johannesburg's Soweto township in June and has continued sporadically in South Africa's

## THE WORLD

black and colored townships ever since. At last count, 380 people have been killed in the violence since June; all but three of them nonwhite.

More than that, South Africa has been criticized for its close ties with Rhodesia and Namibia (or South West Africa), the onetime League of Nations mandated territory that South Africa has ruled since 1920. In fact, the U.N. threatened to impose economic sanctions on South Africa this year unless Pretoria produced an independence plan for Namibia in a hurry. Vorster reluctantly concluded some time ago that he should bow to the inevitable and press for black majority rule in both Rhodesia and Namibia. Together, Vorster and Kissinger convinced Ian Smith during their meetings that he must give up his hopeless fight for his country's good.

Vorster had previously withdrawn helicopter pilots from Rhodesia, for several months. South African railways have been unable to handle Rhodesian exports on schedule. The next turn of the screw, if Pretoria deemed it necessary, could be a squeeze on the flow of imports, including arms. Smith understood that if Pretoria felt strongly that he must capitulate, he was finished.

**O**n Namibia, Kissinger's job was to try to get South Africa and SWAPO (South West African People's Organization), the Namibian guerrilla organization that is recognized by the U.N., to sit down at the same conference table, perhaps in Geneva, and work out their differences. Though such a meeting is not yet scheduled, Kissinger believes it will take place soon.

Most of Vorster's acquaintance would agree that the dour Afrikaner is a strange leader for an age of reform. Says Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of the Zulu, South Africa's largest tribe: "Where I'm in church and I'm singing, 'I love not to see the distant scene' one step enough for me. I think of John Vorster. He's not prepared to go any further." Adds one of Vorster's own Cabinet ministers: "John's heart has always been in the ox-wagon wing of the party. His head told him it was time to be more liberal, but the heart still ruled him." A year ago, Vorster was regarded as belonging to the *verligte* (enlightened or moderate) wing of the party; but since the Soweto rioting began, the center of the ruling National Party has shown a greater willingness to compromise: Vorster has hardly budged at all.

In fact, Vorster seems to have decided to sacrifice the Smith regime in Rhodesia and accept independence for Namibia in a gamble that these moves will buy time for him to put into effect Pretoria's own strategy for survival. This does not involve greater integration of the blacks in the country's economic and political life. On the contrary, Vorster's strategy seems to be to complete the original South African blueprint for "separate development" of the races.



CAPTURED GUERRILLA WEAPONS IN SALISBURY

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known as *apartheid* (Afrikaans for "separateness"). Hoping to perpetuate the political power of the whites, who form only 17% of the South African population, the regime plans to convert nine tribal homelands within South Africa's borders into "independent states." South Africa's blacks will be assigned citizenship—including the 10 million who live not in the homelands but in "white" South Africa. Simultaneously, they would be stripped of their South African citizenship.

On Oct. 26, the Transkei (pronounced *tran-sky*), ancestral home of 3.3 million Xhosa tribesmen, will become the first of these homelands to be granted "full and free" independence. But South Africa will still control its security, its telecommunications and immigration. Forty-five percent of all Transkeians, and 80% of its adult males, will continue to work "abroad" in South Africa, which is just as well, because there are few jobs at home. After independence, the state's ruler, Paramount Chief

Kaiser Matanzima, will ask South Africa to give the Transkei more land to ease overcrowding (together, the nine homelands have only 13% of South Africa's land area). Pretoria is expected to refuse, on the rather arch grounds that such a request would amount to interference by a foreign state in South Africa's internal affairs.

The Transkei is lucky, in a way, because it is divided into only two parts. The homeland of Boputha-Tswana consists of 19 scattered parcels of land.

## FOUR WHO MIGHT LEAD

Assuming Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith makes good on his promise to cede power to his country's black majority, a number of Africans will be in line for the leadership. The four main contenders:

**JOSHUA NKOMO**, 59, is president of the domestic faction of the African National Council (A.N.C.), the most moderate of Rhodesia's black nationalist organizations. He is the grand old man of black politics in Rhodesia. A relaxed, friendly politician of the flesh-pressing school, Nkomo is the only one of the four who has lived in the country during the past year. Says he: "It is very hard to win an election from the outside."

The least militant of the black leaders, Nkomo has friendly ties with white Rhodesian businessmen and occasionally travels aboard corporate jets owned by Western firms.

Nkomo has actively pursued majority rule in Rhodesia for a quarter-century. A former union leader (he has been a carpenter and a railway worker), he spent eleven years in various forms of detention. He was a founding member in 1952 of the once significant African National Congress and became its president; when it was banned in 1959, he resurfaced as founder of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), which soon became the focus of activism for Rhodesia's black liberationists. Nkomo has been the primary spokesman for Rhodesia's blacks, traveling often to Britain and once to the U.N. as an unofficial foreign minister to plead for majority rule.

Nkomo has strong support in the rural tribal regions and a tightly organized core of followers elsewhere. He is a friend of Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Botswana's Seretse Khama, and he is at least on speaking terms with the front-line five's two Marxist firebrands, Samora Machel of Mozambique and Agostinho Neto of Angola. With ties to both the minority Matabele and majority Mashona tribes and a solid political organization all over Rhodesia, Nkomo seems well placed.

**ROBERT MUGABE**, 51, is the least known, the most radical and potentially the most powerful of the contenders. A publicity-shy former schoolteacher, he has influence among the 8,000 or so freedom fighters of the Mozambique-based Zimbabwe People's Army (ZIPA), spearhead of the Rhodesian guerrilla movement. Mugabe has the strong backing of Mozambique's Machel and Angola's Neto because he vows to continue the war until majority rule actually becomes fact.

Mugabe was once a deputy to Joshua Nkomo, but in 1963 he broke with Nkomo and ZAPU to help found the rival and more extreme Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), under the leadership of the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole.

Mugabe is the only one of the contenders who has actually spent time with guerrillas in the field and, reportedly, has even taken part in cross-border raids. But Mugabe is not necessarily the dominant figure in the guerrilla movement. Guerrilla military operations are apparently planned and executed by a largely anonymous 18-member high command that sticks close to the base camps in Mozambique.

**BISHOP ABEL MUZOREWA**, 51, is leader of the African National Council's exile faction and the first black Methodist Bishop of Rhodesia. With ZANU and ZAPU both banned, the mild-mannered

Muzorewa became chairman of the council upon its formation in 1971 as the sole legal, black political group in Rhodesia. He had little opposition, since most other nationalists were in jail. Muzorewa is the only major nationalist leader to have escaped a prison term, but he went into voluntary exile 15 months ago, after the failure of a summit conference between Ian Smith and black leaders that was aimed at producing majority rule. During Muzorewa's absence he lost leadership of one faction of the A.N.C. to Joshua Nkomo. Muzorewa returned to Rhodesia last week to rally his forces for a showdown with Nkomo. Muzorewa is popular among urban blacks, particularly in Salisbury, but his nationwide support is probably not so great as Nkomo's.

**THE REV. NDABANINGI SITHOLE**, 56, is a Methodist minister who joined Nkomo's ZAPU in 1962 but soon broke away with Mugabe to found ZANU. Reportedly diabetic and epileptic, Sithole's star now seems to be waning. Yet he remains a factor in the calculus of Rhodesia's future.

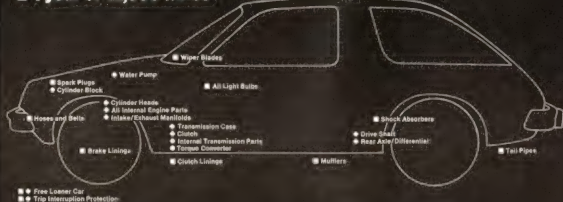
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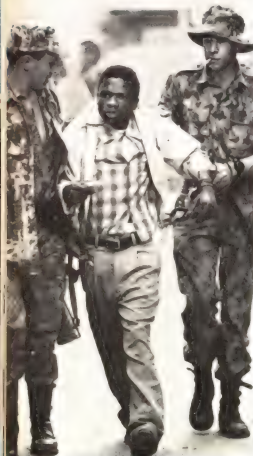
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VORSTER SPEAKING AT POLITICAL MEETING

SOUTH AFRICAN RIOT ARREST  
Need for domestic détente.

though these will eventually be consolidated into six pieces. The Zulu homeland of KwaZulu was originally in 188 parcels, is now in 29, and will ultimately be divided into ten. Scoffs Buthezi, who is also the Chief Minister of KwaZulu. "A state in ten separate pieces? The very notion is nonsensical." Buthezi has flatly refused independence for KwaZulu, explaining, "It is meaningless political freedom combined with effective economic slavery." Adds Hudson Ntsanwisi, Chief Minister of poverty-ridden Gazankulu. "We are nothing but a staging ground for South Africa's migratory labor, and a dumping ground for her dispossessed."

**W**hile Vorster intends to pursue basic apartheid, including the homelands plan, the system of regulations that South Africans call "petty apartheid" is slowly flaking away. Park benches are now integrated in most cities, and elevator apartheid has almost disappeared; interracial sports are permitted on a limited basis. Blacks are moving into jobs formerly reserved for whites (computer technicians, bank tellers, railroad switchmen), but equal pay for equal work is still a rarity. The average white salary remains twelve times the average black one, and the government spends 17 times as much to educate a white child as a black one. The government has made a few business concessions to coloreds and Asians—the right to equal opportunity with whites in the civil service, for instance, and to serve on racially mixed union boards—but these did not apply to blacks.

Given the rising anger among South Africa's black population, the long-term outlook for the Vorster regime's strategy for survival is uncertain, to say the least. An American official, after talking last month with the Chief Ministers of some of the homelands, whom he had presumed to be moderates, exclaimed, "If these are the moderates, I hope I never meet the radicals: there was blood in their eyes."

Even if the homelands policy works as a device for deflecting future claims by blacks to power in Pretoria, it will do nothing to ameliorate a more immediate problem for the regime: growing anti-white rage among the urban blacks needed to run the South African economy. In Soweto (pop. 1 million), near Johannesburg, less than a third of the blacks' dwellings have electric lights; less than a tenth have running water. In the slum sections, robbery and rape are commonplace: says a woman from the Naledi section of Soweto, "I pray we could have daylight for all 24 hours; people die here when it gets dark."

"I used to be able to take white friends there," a black reporter told a white colleague recently, "and they would be welcome. But if I smuggled you in now, there would be trouble." Last month, when a white commission went to Soweto to investigate the riot-

ing, its members got some straight talk from Tolica J. Makhaya, the council chairman (or mayor). "You are facing the last generation of blacks who are willing to negotiate," Makhaya declared. "The younger generation is calling us fools because we achieve nothing. You must meet with black leaders the government has detained, and talk with them, because black people now regard these men as their leaders."

If black unrest continues to mount, as seems likely, the Vorster regime could face problems within its own constituency. White business, deep in recession, depends heavily on black labor (90% of total employment in both agriculture and mining, 68% in service industries). But because of the slump, black unemployment is approaching 2 million. Even the Afrikaans press is calling for reform, attacking the tough pass laws (requiring every black over 16 to carry a passbook at all times) as "unjust humiliation." In the meantime, however, South Africans have taken out more than 200,000 new firearms licenses in the past year, bringing the total to nearly 1.2 million for the 4.3 million whites. "If I had them," boasts a Johannesburg gunsmith, "I could sell 1,000 pistols today."

The specter is a somber one of frightened individuals preparing for a racial Armageddon. In Rhodesia, no group has been more willful and less realistic than the whites, who refused throughout the 1960s to consider the alternative path of an orderly transition to majority rule. It is good for them, for the Rhodesian blacks, and for just about everybody else that the wrongheaded rebellion is at an end, and the financial "safety net" will certainly ease the blow. Yet, as members of Kissinger's flying squad of negotiators acknowledged, there was something poignant about the way Smith finally bowed to the inevitable—and to the unknown.

**O**ne U.S. diplomat present reflected that these events were taking place on such alien soil: in a Western democracy the rights of a minority are protected, and a minority usually has a chance of becoming a majority; in an African setting, where parties and governments and dynasties are determined by race (or even tribe), a decision taken today by a Smith or a Vorster is irrevocable. Obviously, the Rhodesian white minority had no right to think that it could rule indefinitely. Yet, as the whites well knew, there are precious few black-ruled states in Africa where the whites who stayed behind have been able to retain their full rights of citizenship.

The prospects for white-ruled Rhodesia after it becomes black Zimbabwe rest squarely on the ability of the nationalist factions to unite around a responsible leader. A decade ago, white settlers all over Africa shuddered at the thought of "another Congo" in their midst. Today, African observers wonder if in the splintered makeup of the Rh-

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## THE WORLD

desian nationalists there could be the seeds of another Angola. As always in Africa, the qualities of the man who emerges as leader will be all-important—in determining whether the country will undergo an orderly transition, and whether enough whites will remain to help run the civil service, the ranches, the stores and industries. If this sequence of events occurs, Zimbabwe could become a showcase African state. If it does not, the situation could breed disaster not only for Zimbabwe's own citizens but for its neighbors as well.

South Africa's future is no less uncertain. By the end of 1978, when black governments are supposed to be in place in both Zimbabwe and Namibia, South Africa will be surrounded by black-ruled independent states, whose politics and

willingness to coexist with white power in Pretoria are still to be determined.

How much can Vorster salvage of the South African way of life? The right to remain in Africa, certainly: all parties acknowledge that. With their 300-year tradition in southern Africa, the Afrikaners and their latter-day countrymen, the English-speaking South Africans, have as much right to the land as the Bantu peoples who migrated down from the north.

Can Vorster also preserve *apartheid*—or "plural democracy," as some of his colleagues have taken to calling it? Over the long run, can he preserve minority rule? That seems unlikely: it would be, in fact, an open invitation to interference from his neighbors or from any foreign power that happened to fancy a lit-

tle low-risk mischief-making. Geopolitical predictions in Africa have always been risky; now the realities have all but reached the Cape of Good Hope. If, by the end of 1978, Vorster has failed to make a significant step toward ending his country's discrimination against the non-white 83%, he may well face for the first time the threat of invasion.

Ian Smith's capitulation in Salisbury may have bought Pretoria's whites some time, as Vorster plainly hopes, but it may also have presented him with a time limit. It is conceivable that Vorster and his fellow Afrikaners have just two good years in which to set their besieged house in order. If they fail to do so, they may one day discover, as Ian Douglas Smith and his colleagues recently did, that events can simply brush them aside.

## THE WHITES: 'TIRED OF RUNNING'

*Spring has arrived in Rhodesia, gracing the rich, rolling farm land and the still oddly serene streets of Salisbury (pop 569,000), where jacaranda trees are in spectacular purple bloom. This spring, however, is like no other in the country's history: it marks the crumbling of white colonial rule, which has lasted nearly a century. TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs filed this report on the scene in the Rhodesian capital.*

The week-long Jacaranda Festival is in full swing. The thoroughbreds are running at the Borrowdale Race Course, the stores are holding sales, and whites out in the suburbs are talking about filling their swimming pools again. Yet there is a definite undercurrent of foreboding. At the annual Jacaranda Parade, which featured the usual floats and miniskirted majorettes (both black and white), a white housewife said calmly, "We won't see many more of these. The blacks won't bother with parades. They take too much effort and organization."

Resignation, rather than rage, seems to be the prevailing mood. A middle-aged farmer from the Mozambique border area struck a common theme: "I'm tired of running," he sighed. "I left Kenya when it became independent and went to Zambia. Then Zambia turned sour for whites, and I came here. Now Rhodesia is going black. The logical place to go may be South Africa, but race relations there are a bloody sight worse than ours. So I'll stay and take my chances, just as long as the blacks don't go bonkers." His buddy, a Salisbury mechanic, concurred: "I don't like the idea of being ruled by blacks, but we've had our heads in the sand here for ten years, and now we're going to pay for it."

Many white businessmen hope there will not be all that much to pay; they ex-

pect the projected lifting of the economic boycott against Rhodesia to help everyone. Indeed, stocks on the Salisbury exchange have begun edging upward. Houses that had been up for sale in affluent white areas are being either withdrawn from the market or marked up in price. One white who now pays only \$225 a month for a five-bedroom house in the capital's suburbs of Highlands was startled to be told that his rent will double when his current lease expires.

"There's still a lot of good will between blacks and whites," says Michael Daffy, head of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of Rhodesia. "Given a chance to effect this change without emotion, we may all come out all right. More than South Africa, we have the makings of a black middle class here. Profits in Rhodesia are color blind, and blacks have just as much a stake in stability as we do."

The morale of the 20,000-member

security force may become a problem. The Smith capitulation has raised questions about the soldiers' zeal in fighting Rhodesia's guerrillas. A young trooper in a downtown Salisbury discotheque sounded a now familiar complaint: "What the hell. We've surrendered already. If Smith's not going to fight, I damn well won't either." A letter from a reservist to the *Rhodesia Herald* seconded the soldier's view: "Is it worth doing my call-up in two months time? I don't want to lose my life only to see the leaders of this country sitting around a table with terrorists."

One sign that the transfer of power may go smoothly is that there has been almost no talk among blacks of revenge on the whites, and there is a surprising lack of exultation. What most concerned a black gas-station attendant, for example, were the rivalries among the various nationalist leaders. And while a hefty black laundress insisted that Smith "must go, for he is a racist," she emphasized that "most Europeans [whites] must stay, otherwise we will have no jobs. We must show them we can run things and not frighten them off."

BLACKS & WHITES TOGETHER WAITING ON BENCH FOR BUS IN SALISBURY



## WEST GERMANY

## Noisily Down to the Wire

If the rest of Western Europe could have voted in West Germany's election, the pollsters might have predicted a handsome majority for Social Democratic Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. The fact that his nation had weathered a worldwide recession far better than most major industrial powers would alone have assured an outpouring of admiration at the ballot boxes in almost any other country. But West Germans, drawn by the homespun conservative appeal of Christian Democratic Challenger Helmut Kohl, refused to let Schmidt rest comfortably on his record. Trying to keep pace with Kohl, 46, in an unexpectedly tight race, Schmidt

of himself." In a final campaign bout last week, Schmidt and Kohl traded invectives during a four-hour television debate which consisted largely of mudslinging. "Your actions cannot be those of a normal being," growled Kohl. "What you're saying is total, shameless falsehood, which doesn't surprise me," fumed Schmidt.

Despite the vitriol, the candidates had few disagreements of substance. Indeed, whichever Helmut won, it seemed there would be no fundamental change in West Germany's domestic or foreign policy. Both promised to lower unemployment (current jobless rate: 3.9%), raise pensions, maintain but not signif-

rallies in singing the West German national anthem, *Deutschlandlied*. Said Kohl: "We don't want nationalism, but we're entitled to a normal feeling of national pride."

That appeal—and the repeated charge that the S.D.P. was "soft on Communism"—went over well among middle-class voters. They feel threatened by the young leftists who have taken over the Social Democrats' party machinery in a few major cities. Although Schmidt embodies the old virtues as well as anyone, he had to bear the banner for a party that acquired a largely undeserved left-leaning reputation under former Chancellor Willy Brandt. Since West German voters elect their Chancellor by voting for a party, rather than directly for an individual candidate, that bogus image may have cost Schmidt the easy victory he was entitled to by standards of achievement.

As they awaited the results, both candidates faced one certainty. Whoever won would have a formidable opposition leader to contend with. Indeed, with the likelihood of a reduced margin of seats in the Bundestag dividing winner and loser, it seemed possible that neither Kohl nor Schmidt would be able to stay in power for a full four-year term.



CHANCELLOR SCHMIDT & CHALLENGER KOHL JUST BEFORE START OF TV DEBATE  
Lots of mudslinging, but few real differences on the issues.

crisscrossed the country in search of votes, logging 16,120 miles and delivering 80 speeches in six weeks. As the campaign wound up at week's end, Schmidt, 57, looking pale and haggard, publicly claimed confidence. Privately, though, he conceded that the race against Kohl was too close to call.

**Traded Invectives.** The Schmidt-Kohl campaign was one of the hardest fought political battles in West Germany's postwar history, and what Kohl called an "Olympics of insult" went right down to the wire. Continuing his sniping against Kohl's political ally Franz Josef Strauss, boss of the Christian Social Union and Kohl's declared choice as Vice Chancellor, Schmidt scoured the bully Bavarian conservative as a "political arsonist." Strauss returned the fire by lambasting Schmidt as "a politician with a predator's grin," and Kohl hooted that Schmidt had "lost control

icantly expand other social services, crack down on terrorists, pursue détente with East Germany on more of a *quid pro quo* basis, continue close ties with the U.S., and lobby in other West European capitals for a stronger NATO. Their only substantive difference was over the issue of corporate-tax cuts, which Kohl favored and Schmidt dismissed as "unrealistic and impossible."

With the candidates' platforms so similar, the election seemed to turn on matters of personal style. To offset Schmidt's palpable aura of authority, efficiency and intellect, Kohl cultivated a folksy, old-fashioned image. Implying that it was time to leave postwar apologetics behind, Kohl encouraged his audiences to take pride again in the traditional German virtues of "cleanliness, punctuality, dependability, savings and hard work." He talked of "the fatherland" and occasionally led campaign

## ISRAEL

## Pogrom at Home?

Infiltration by secret agents. Reprials against "negative" citizens. Systematic job discrimination and measures to encourage emigration. To many Israelis, it all sounded like a prescription for a pogrom against Jews. In fact, they were an Israeli civil servant's proposals for controlling Israel's exploding Arab population. The Koenig report, named for the official who drafted it, has caused a storm since it was leaked last month. Last week angry Arabs in Israel's Galilee district walked off their jobs for two hours in protest.

The report was written six months ago by Israel Koenig, 45, a Polish-born member of Israel's highly conservative National Religious Party and, since 1967, the Interior Ministry's top officer for Galilee. Koenig's report, never intended for publication, was meant to spotlight what many Jews consider the country's most serious domestic problem at present: the growing numerical strength and rising nationalism of Israel's Arab citizens. They now number 430,000, or one-seventh of Israel's total population, and their birth rate is four times as high as that of Israel's Jews.

In Galilee, Arabs now account for 47% of the population. Within a decade, Koenig warned, "it is seriously to be feared that there will be an Arab takeover, demographically and politically, in Acre and Nazareth."

Koenig was also concerned that Israeli Arabs might feel "a hope that time





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is working on their side." One consequence, he feared, would be "an uncontrollable outburst" of anti-Jewish violence some day. In fact, while Koenig was preparing his report last spring, six Arabs were killed by police in bloody rioting in Galilee over government expropriation of their land.

Koenig suggested ways of "thinning out" Arab concentrations in Israel. The government, he urged, should set up a political party for the Arabs that could be infiltrated by agents who would keep track of Arab aims. Emigration restrictions on Arab students ought to be eased, he said, and re-entry made next to impossible. Arab families ought to be stripped of government grants. In Galilee, where Arab workers constitute half the labor force in some Jewish-owned businesses, there should be an Arab job ceiling of 20%. That way, Koenig argued, economic insecurity would keep Arab minds off "thoughts of a so-called cultural-nationalistic nature." Koenig insisted that "the nature of the Levantine character is superficial, does not probe in depth, and has an imagination that gains the upper hand over national thinking." Complained Nazareth's Communist Mayor Tawfiq Zayad: "Many of Koenig's recommendations are already official policy. We are constantly spied on, we are discriminated against in the schools, our land is confiscated, and there are no government industries in the Arab sector." Even though Koenig's recommendations were considered unacceptable in Jerusalem, Haim Kubersky, Director-General of the Interior Ministry, supported Koenig's right to make them, said Kubersky. "A Jewish majority in Galilee is a legitimate goal." Perhaps. But if anything seemed bound to stir up the kind of political consciousness among Israeli Arabs that worried Koenig, it was exactly the type of program that Koenig proposed.

## LEBANON

### Blows for the P.L.O.

The heaviest tank and artillery action of Lebanon's long-playing 18-month civil war reverberated last week through the steep mountain ranges northeast of Beirut. And as has more and more been the case in the country's so far insoluble struggle, the principal combatants were not even Lebanese. The battle was mainly between Palestinian commandos holding some towns near Lebanon's 8,500-ft. Sannin Mountain and Syrian forces determined to dislodge them, with Lebanese forces fighting in secondary roles. The Syrians, after a 36-hour artillery barrage, were successful; altogether, however, another 1,500 people were killed or wounded. One more casualty was the ceasefire that Syrian President Hafez Assad had been trying to enforce since he

first dispatched troops into Lebanon.

Assad's peace efforts were helped two weeks ago, when Lawyer-Banker Elias Sarkis, 51, was inaugurated President of Lebanon, replacing the intransigent Maronite President Suleiman Franjeh. Yet Sarkis' inauguration took place under the aegis of the Syrian army which is now trying to make peace in Lebanon, by battle if need be. The Syrian army in Lebanon, which now numbers 21,000 men with 90 tanks, holds the lush Bekaa Valley—Lebanon's breadbasket—across the mountains east of Beirut. Christian Lebanese meanwhile hold the Mediterranean coastal area north of the capital. Between those allies, until last week, was a Palestinian mountain salient centered on the crossroads town of Ain Toura. Assad and Sarkis demanded that the Palestinians evacuate their salient and return to their refugee camps below the mountains. In addition, Assad insisted that Palestinian Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat send away any P.L.O. units that had come into the battered state from other Arab countries to join the fighting on the Leftist-Moslem Lebanese side.

**Military Conference.** The Syrians, in effect, were demanding an enforcement of the so-called Cairo agreement, a 1969 deal that was supposed to control the movement of Palestinian guerrillas in Lebanon. The P.L.O. has ignored the agreement from the beginning by carrying out operations against Israel from Lebanon as it saw fit. To obey the Cairo accord now, Arafat realized, would be to destroy the last unrestricted political base left to the Palestinians in the Middle East. The P.L.O. chief refused to withdraw from the mountains and sent urgent pleas for support to other Arab countries, including Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

The Syrians responded with a fierce artillery and rocket barrage from their positions in the Bekaa. As town after town was hit, Palestinian defenders took advantage of the mist and smoke from exploding rounds to slip out of their positions. Arafat himself had nearly been hit earlier when Syrian gunners rained shells and rockets into Aley, a resort town on the Beirut-Damascus highway where the P.L.O. leader was conferring with his military commanders in a luxury villa.

The rout came only days after another Syrian-Palestinian incident, in which four guerrillas stormed the New Semiramis Hotel in the center of Damascus and took 90 guests hostage. Most of the hostages were Scandinavian tourists; four of them died before Syrian soldiers charged the hotel, killed the guerrilla leader and freed the surviving hostages. The remaining fedayeen were captured, tried swiftly and sentenced to hang. Although they had come from Iraq, they confessed over Syrian television that they were part of Arafat's Fatah. All three were hanged publicly in downtown Damascus, em-

phasizing Assad's split with the P.L.O.

Syria's move to embarrass Arafat was obviously deliberate, and it added to what has become a growing problem for the P.L.O. Arafat committed a major blunder by allowing the Palestinians to become involved in the Lebanese civil war; by now they cannot extricate themselves, and the side issue has seriously damaged their primary aim of a Palestinian state. Scarcely two years ago, their movement was gathering world recognition, so much so that Arafat himself was invited to address the United Nations General Assembly even though he had no official diplomatic standing. By last week, in contrast, Arabs themselves were crit-



HANGED COMMANDOS IN DAMASCUS SQUARE Adding to a growing problem.

icizing the Palestinians Arafat's job—some said his life—was in danger.

This changing situation affects not merely the Palestinians but all Middle Eastern peace efforts. Israel has never wanted to deal with Arafat, the fact that his movement has been discredited to some extent justifies Jerusalem's determination. More than that, it revives the role of Jordan as a peacemaker. In 1974 the Arabs had opted for Arafat rather than King Hussein to speak for Palestinians on the West Bank and in Gaza. At that time, also, Syria refused to participate in a Geneva conference because the Palestinians had not been invited. Judging from recent events in Lebanon, any future Syrian response would almost certainly be different.





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## CHINA

# Keeping a Handy Ax

NEXT to Richard Nixon, the most popular American in Peking is probably former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, whose frequently voiced misgivings about U.S. detente with the Soviet Union have been applauded by China's leaders. They made their fondness for Schlesinger and his convictions clear by inviting him on an elaborately planned tour of the Middle Kingdom, then by asking him to continue his visit after the death of Mao Tse-tung. Last week, at the close of his 23-day, 8,200-mile tour, the Chinese underlined their affection for Schlesinger by inviting him to meet three top men in China's post-Mao leadership.

"For Mao's successors," reported TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Scheer, who accompanied Schlesinger on his

tour, "the trip was an opportunity to demonstrate their ultimate weapon—the Chinese people. They did it at every turn, lining the roadsides with militia guards in Inner Mongolia and showing Schlesinger vast tunnel networks built on Chairman Mao's command to 'dig tunnels deeply, store grain and never seek hegemony.' At least for the time being, the Chairman's spirit is still in command."

That was certainly evident in an area of foreign policy. On the last leg of Schlesinger's trip, an interpreter made a possibly telling slip by announcing: "We welcome Dr. Kissinger." Starting for a moment, Schlesinger smiled and replied, "He isn't here." It soon became clear, however, that Schlesinger's high-level hosts knew their Washington *Who's Who*. In Peking, Defense Minister Yeh Chien-ying and Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua expressed their scorn for the Secretary of State. They denounced Soviet-U.S. detente as "peaceism" caused by a "Munich mentality." Calling for greater U.S. vigilance in the face of the Soviet military buildup, Ch'iao cited a Russian proverb: "When you dance with a bear, keep your ax handy."

**Tunnel Vision.** The Chinese seemed to be hoping that Schlesinger would be appointed to an important post in a Democratic Administration after the November election. When Schlesinger was received by Premier Hua Kuo-feng, Hua treated the meeting almost as a summit conference. A solemn-faced, tall (6 ft.) and commanding-looking man, Hua denounced the "necrosis" in the Kremlin, arguing that the Soviets are continuing Russia's imperialist traditions. Reaching deep into 18th-century, the Premier warned that Peter the Great's purported "testament" Russia had already laid claim to South Asia. Hua declared that war between U.S. and the Soviet Union is inevitable—a contention Schlesinger disputed. The Premier added that the U.S. must maintain its naval strength in the Pacific against a possible Soviet attack.

Earlier, Schlesinger had been taken to border points near the Sino-Soviet frontier—a rare privilege. The Chinese charge that the Russians have been lobbing artillery shells and sending secret agents into Chinese territory. Schlesinger was told of China's plans for defense against an all-out attack that Peking depicts as a "people's war" pitting millions of Chinese guerrillas against waves of Soviet armor, while civilians sought safety in deep mines and tunnels. To Schlesinger, Chinese vulnerability to the Soviets' military machine was apparent. An official explained: "Soviet revisionism is a paper tiger against a people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought."



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# Message to America

## from Mexico's President Luis Echeverría Alvarez

*As part of our Bicentennial observance, TIME asked leaders of nations round the world to address the American people through the pages of TIME on how they view the U.S. and what they hope—and expect—from the nation in the years ahead. This message from President Luis Echeverría Alvarez of Mexico is the sixth in the series.*

**T**he birth of the U.S. marked the first step in the decolonization of this continent, as well as the formation of a new society. The Declaration of Independence proclaimed in 1776 was a harvesting of the most important fruits of the Enlightenment, a synthesis of centuries of Old World experience serving a young society, one that had shed the age-old burden of stratification into social estates.

The first democratic social contract of the New World was drawn up in Philadelphia. Equality before the law, political democracy, federalism—in short, the example set by a society organized on a basis of respect for the dignity of men and of limitation of government powers established by law—inspired independence movements and the formation of new nations throughout the Americas.

Nevertheless, even while the memory of the epic struggle to shed the bonds of colonialism was still fresh, there appeared a new project—that of territorial expansion. Mexico experienced at first hand the development of that first dichotomy in the spirit of the American nation. In 1821 much of our country's territory was left almost ungarrisoned, just when the U.S. was beginning to put into practice what its ruling class would soon come to call Manifest Destiny.

Today, with the false ideology of expansion disproved, the American people are fully aware of the fact that what was called the Mexican War of 1846 was an unjust action taken to extend the expansion begun in 1836, when, with the support of their government, Texas unilaterally declared its independence from Mexico in order to enter the Union. This led to the acquisition of not only the territory of that state but also of that now occupied by the states of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Utah, Nevada and parts of others.

The evolution of so complex and heterogeneous a reality as American society cannot be simplified. The Industrial Revolution and technological development, occurring in a country endowed with vast natural resources and an energetic labor force, created a prosperity that had never before been known. World War I confirmed the nation's status as a great power, and in World War II the United States played a decisive role in the defeat of fascism, while at the same time it consolidated its economic and military predominance.

By then, its role as a great power had paradoxically placed the country in the position of opposing its own historic origins and libertarian roots. In addition, the impressive progress of its economy had led to the creation of formidable nuclei of economic power, not subject to the constitutional controls imposed by the system on the civil Government, that endanger the workings of democracy at its very foundations.

Today U.S. society is going through a period of reflection

and self-criticism, of recognizing the existence of errors and distortions in its domestic life and in its foreign policy. That is one of the fundamental virtues of the American people, and this is a decisive moment for all men everywhere who hope that the vigor of the U.S. will be directed, as it was at its birth, not to the frustration but to the encouragement of historical progress.

The moral issues at stake for this great country are the material waste and moral decay brought about by the arms race, open or clandestine intervention in the domestic life of other countries, support for unpopular and authoritarian governments, and the establishment, together with other powerful nations, of an unjust international structure—in short, the formulation and implementation of a foreign policy subservient to the dictates of the economic interests of large consortiums, instead of to the moral imperatives that have always distinguished the people of the U.S.

Today the most important issue is extreme international inequality. According to World Bank statistics, in industrialized countries the annual gross national product per capita is \$4,550, while a billion of the world's poorest people in some areas of Southeast Asia and Africa have an annual income of little more than \$100. In the era of space travel, electronics and cybernetics, 73% of the population of Africa, 46% of the Asians and 27% of the Latin Americans do not know the alphabet.

Despite the terrible eloquence of these figures and what they imply for the thinking man, a still more serious fact is that this situation will grow worse if basic measures are not taken to establish a new international economic order.

About 18 months ago, in a historic session of the United Nations, 120 countries, representing more than three-fourths of the world's population, voted to adopt a Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of

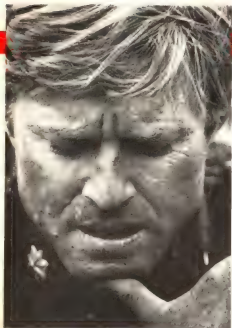
States. It establishes the right of every nation to determine its own economic and political organization and to use its natural resources without foreign interference. It sets down the basis for authentic trade, financial and technological cooperation among all peoples, free from any attempt at domination.

We hope that the U.S. will soon join the vast majority of nations in signing the Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States, and resolve to use its enormous strength to root out the poverty of millions of people. The future of this great nation is tied to the future of humanity within a framework of interdependence. The alternative is to let economic forces follow their course toward the concentration of the world's wealth in a few industrial centers, while the vast majority of peoples, far from following a path toward development, begin a process of involution.

The true greatness of the U.S. lies in those moments when it has given concrete form to ideals for building a new world, when it has promoted a spirit of renewal and given impetus to the progress of humanity.

The American people's true friends will always want to see them at the forefront of historic transformations, and not as the defender of an old world in decline.





tletfield again. Only this time it was in Deventer, Holland, on location with Producer **Joseph E. Levine's** \$25 million war movie *A Bridge Too Far*. "It was completely real, everything grindingly, crushingly normal—everything except the bullets," reported Duncan after taking pictures of Actor **Robert Redford** and cast recreating the 1944 Battle of Arnhem. A good assignment, then? "The greatest," answered Duncan, "because after the day's work, the dead and wounded got up, hosed themselves off and went home. Beautiful."

Diana Trilling called it censorship. Lillian Hellman called it "unpleasant business." But to some, last week's go-

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN



WAR-WEARY ROBERT REDFORD AS SEEN BY PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

She was the Roman goddess of wealth and marriage, and it took plenty of the former before **Armand Hammer**, 78, could latch on to Rembrandt's *Juno*. The perdurable Occidental Petroleum Corp. chairman, who recently received a \$3,000 fine for making illegal contributions to the 1972 Nixon campaign, bought the 17th century masterpiece for \$3.25 million from Navy Secretary **J. William Middendorf II**. The most highly priced Rembrandt ever sold, the painting will eventually land in the Los Angeles County Museum. "The seller was asking \$5 million," said the magnate philosophically, "so I think \$3.25 million is a bargain."

He began by covering World War II, later he watched the fighting in Korea, Palestine, Greece, India and Indochina. Last week Photographer **David Douglas Duncan**, 60, was back on a bat-

around had the look of a literary row par excellence. The clawing began when Essayist Trilling, 71, widow of Critic **Lionel Trilling**, disclosed that Little, Brown & Co. had canceled her book contract. The reason, said a representative of the publisher, was "unpleasantly personal attacks" on Playwright Hellman, 69, a longtime Little, Brown writer and author of the current bestseller *Scoundrel Time*. Hellman had stood firm in the face of a congressional inquisition during the **Joseph McCarthy** era, and in her book she wondered "how Diana and Lionel Trilling, old, respected friends, could have come out of the same age and time with such different political and social views from my own." Denying any personal attacks on Hellman, Trilling cited *Scoundrel Time* in her manuscript as an example of "diminishing intellectual force" in the community. "I know what the hell's in the goddam manuscript," commented Little, Brown Editor in Chief **Roger Donald**, indicating that other passages were even more critical. As for Hellman? "I find it very painful," she said, "that two old friends who don't have to agree politically, but who like each other personally, ever came to this point."

When Greek Shipping Heiress **Christina Onassis** married Banking Heir **Alexander Onassis** 14 months ago, everyone was surprised at the couple's one-month courtship. The lightning-fast merger has now fallen apart, and last week relatives of both Christina, 25, and Alexander, 31, revealed that the pair had agreed to a divorce. Not all Christina watchers were surprised. After a motorcycle spill had hospitalized Andreadis with a broken leg last August, his wife came by to autograph the cast. Her inscription: "Bon voyage, Alexandros, better luck next time."



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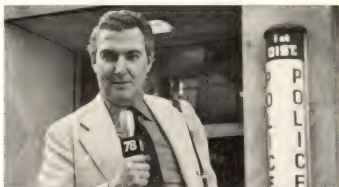
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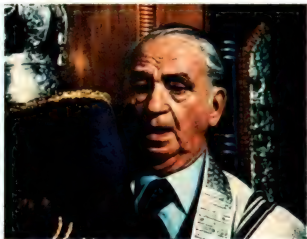
Of course, when you raise your glass, you'll also raise a few eyebrows. But surely you've done that before.



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cally inject a tiny amount of specially treated Du Pont plastic into a paralyzed vocal chord. And so, hundreds of people who once could hardly speak can now speak clearly. And Cantor Adolph Katz, silenced for nine years, can once more "sing unto the Lord!"

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**Profits make good things happen.  
Just ask Adolph Katz.**

**Married.** Clarence M. Kelley, 64, FBI director, and Shirley Dyckes, fortyish, a former school teacher and nun, in Maggie Valley, N.C. Kelley's first wife died of cancer last November.

**Died.** Hondo Crouch, 60, self-proclaimed mayor of the central Texas town of Luckenbach (pop. 21), of a heart attack, in Johnson City, Texas. Crouch bought deserted Luckenbach "lock, stock and parking meter" five years ago. He invited visitors to such celebrations as a Susan B. Anthony Chili Championship and the Luckenbach World's Fair, which drew 10,000 last year.

**Died.** William Zeckendorf Sr., 71, high-flying New York City real estate tycoon, of a heart attack, in Manhattan. Working with some of the world's leading architects, Zeckendorf built such monuments as the Mile High Center in Denver and Montreal's Place Ville Marie. But the wheeling and dealing backfired in 1965 when his firm, Webb & Knapp, went bankrupt with a debt of nearly \$15 million.

**Died.** Marion B. Folsom, 82, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration, in Rochester. As an executive of Eastman Kodak during the 1920s, he was a leading proponent of corporate unemployment and pension plans; the programs he established at Kodak and other Rochester firms became models for the nation. During the Depression, Folsom helped frame federal unemployment programs and the Social Security system, acknowledging that private resources were no longer adequate. His HLW tenure (1955-58) was marked by a greatly expanded budget for programs such as federal aid for school construction.

**Died.** Dr. Morris Fishbein, 87, author, newspaper columnist and outspoken editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for 25 years, in Chicago. Fishbein, TIML's first medical consultant, became editor of the *Journal* in 1924. He built it into an authoritative source of information for doctors, but his increasingly strident defense of the medical status quo led to his ousting in 1949.

**Died.** Leopold Ruzicka, 89, Swiss chemist whose research into the makeup of hydrocarbons won him the 1939 Nobel Prize; in Zurich. Ruzicka was the first to synthesize the male hormone, testosterone, and he identified the various chemical compounds that produce the distinctive flavor of the raspberry. The artificially fruit-flavored foods that abound today are a result of his findings.

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SOME OF THE FRENCH KIDS IN *SMALL CHANGE*

## State of Grace

### SMALL CHANGE

Directed by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT

Screenplay by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT and SUZANNE SCHIFFMANN

There is a remarkable scene near the beginning of *Small Change*. A little boy, three at the oldest, shoves a pet cat out on the ledge of his ninth-floor apartment, then watches it fall until it lands, safe but a little confused, on the balcony below. Then the boy, dressed for play in red overalls, climbs out on the ledge himself, laughing, having a wonderful time. He dangles his legs over the side, onto a railing, then lets go, sliding off into the air and down nine stories to the ground.

**Bemused Parable.** From above, one can see the body fall. We watch the little boy, a diminishing blaze of red, all the way down, see him hit the ground close by a hedge. He bounces just a couple of inches, laughs and gets up, delighted. The boy's mother faints on the spot as her son toddles off to play. "Remarkable," says a teacher who lives next door. His pregnant wife explains: "Kids are in a state of grace. They bounce back."

This bemused and scary parable is the essence of François Truffaut's magical *Small Change*, which last week inaugurated the 14th New York Film Festival. For Truffaut, children may not be saints. But they are a sacred trust, and he shares a special com-

munion with them. In *Small Change* he becomes almost an accomplice in their youth.

The film is blessedly funny, acute and, in a curious way, religious. But it is never solemn, even at serious moments, and never sentimental. Children are not soft on themselves, and neither is the director. Maybe the most astonishing accomplishment in *Small Change* is that Truffaut captures the full intensity of youth without ever getting giddy. He works from the heart without ever losing his head.

There is very little plot. The film evolves through a series of incidents about a group of children in the French town of Thiers. Two boys sneak into a movie theater. A couple of brothers relieve a pal of his haircut money by tending to the tonorial chores themselves. A little girl named Sylvie, sly and lovely, refuses to dine out with her parents, then organizes an intricate foodlift for herself among concerned neighbors.

There are also cameos of the first stirrings of adolescence, mostly focusing on young Patrick (Gregory Desmouceaux). Smitten with a schoolmate's mother, he buys her red roses and presents them with trepidation. She is surprised and very pleased, and straightaway tells him to "thank your father." Patrick negotiates his first double date with a similar lack of success. He winds up at the end of the row in the movie theater, his buddy in the middle with his arms around both girls.

Truffaut does not turn away from childhood tragedy. One of the *Small Change* gang, Julien (Philippe Goldman), lives with his mother and grandmother—both violently alcoholic and crazy—in a deserted house. Julien steals, falls asleep in class and does not really encourage friendship. His body is covered with bruises, which are not discovered until he is forced to take a physical examination. The police arrest his mother and grandmother, put Julien under state care until a foster home can be found for him.

What happened to Julien elicits a passionate, unguarded and only slightly whimsical speech from a teacher named Richet (Jean-François Stevenerin), who tells his students that children ought to have rights, that they can be scarred like Julien, even in a state of grace. The members of the class are baffled and politely bored by what their teacher has to say. Lovelessness has touched so few of them.

The teacher clearly speaks very much for Truffaut. The dark currents of childhood—the ones that run through books like *A High Wind in Jamaica* and *Lord of the Flies*—are not to be found here. *Small Change* is a celebration, and a joyous one.

Jay Cocks

## Bleaklist

### THE FRONT

Directed by MARTIN RITT

Screenplay by WALTER BERNSTEIN

In a certain sense, *The Front* is an easy movie to criticize, almost everything it does could have been done better. On the other hand, it is a very difficult movie to judge because it takes up a previously forbidden subject—the blacklisting of showfolk suspected of Communist leanings during the early '50s—and has the nerve, and grace, to take an absurdist view of that deplorable era. For that, and for Woody Allen's fine performance (against his usual comic grain) in the title role, it deserves respectful attention.

**Witch-Hunters.** Allen plays a politically innocent but street-shrewd cashier in a bar and grill, whose old high school friend (Michael Murphy) is a blacklisted TV writer suddenly in need of someone to sign his scripts for him, cash his checks and show up at rehearsals pretending he wrote the thing. The friend is gifted, the network execs are pleased, and Allen (who takes a percentage for his services) soon finds himself prospering and enjoying his demi-celebrity. But, of course, a

### WOODY ALLEN IN THE FRONT



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tweed jacket and a book-lined pad do not an author make. *The Front's* best comic moments occur as Allen, whose character is just barely literate, tries to act the role of author. His worst moment (and one of the film's best comic scenes): an attempt at an on-set rewrite of one of his client's scripts.

Before long, Allen is fronting for more than one talented writer. Then come the investigators. The witch-hunters this skillful has not committed an investigatable offense. Along the way Allen becomes involved with a comic named Hecky Brown (Zero Mostel), whose career is destroyed by the witch-hunters and who then destroys himself. Allen's consciousness (and his conscience) have been steadily expanding. In the end, he heroically—and funnily—defies the congressional committee that tries to pry from him at least a few suspect names.

**Blacklist Victims.** *The Front's* scriptwriter, its director and one star (Zero Mostel) were themselves victims of the blacklist. Despite many virtues, however, the picture seems thin and schematic. Part of the problem lies in the fact that many of the incidents used in the story are taken directly from history. Whether they seem familiar or not, they are never as fully developed as they might have been in a documentary film, nor as fully digested as they should have been by any first-class dramatist. An even more serious flaw, however, is the fact that not a single character in *The Front* is surprising. The weak never startle with a momentary show of strength. The wicked never betray a flash of compassion. The heroes never convincingly falter in their convictions. They are simply not alive, and it is hard to care much what happens to them. Even the

cleverly chosen New York location somehow seem contrived. There is, in the end, something held back about *The Front*, some strange refusal to really dig into and turn over very rich historical and psychological soil. The result is a film unworthy of its excellent intentions.

Richard Schickel

## Weak End

THE SUNDAY WOMAN

Directed by LUIGI COMENCINI

Screenplay by AGENORE INCROCCI and FURIO SCARPELLI

An aging, disreputable and thoroughly disagreeable architect is done in bludgeoned to death with a stone phallus. Almost everyone questioned by Inspector Santamaria (Marcello Mastroianni) has a fair disposition for murder and a shaky alibi. Nobody liked the recently deceased much, but snobism is an unpersuasive reason for murder. The inspector, then, must search out not only a culprit but a motive.

*The Sunday Woman* is a double-barreled puzzle, about which one does not know whodunit and one does not care either. The movie, steadfastly hard-boiled, has an unreasonably attractive cast: Jacqueline Bisset, elegant and wise as a bored member of Turin high society; Jean-Louis Trintignant, absorbent and enigmatic all the way through the part of a bisexual aristocrat. Mastroianni continues to be as relaxed as a sleepwalker, as unruffled as a cat on the prowl. His shrugs are funnier than the dialogue he is given, and he employs them defensively, to good effect.

The ennu of the mystery is relieved on occasion, by quick intravenous jaunts of humor. At one point, Trintignant yeets at a demanding male lover, "I gave you women because they're ball breakers—but you're worse!" A beleaguered civil servant, his massive family wedged in a small car for vacation, wonders if a last-minute phone call concerned his ailing mother-in-law; then he hears the old lady pipe up "I'm here" from somewhere in the crowd between the back seat and the trunk. *The Sunday Woman* does not contain enough of these modest jokes to call them saving graces. They are more like simple amenities.

## Eye Drop

ST IVES

Directed by J. LEE THOMPSON

Screenplay by BARRY BECKERMAN

By now, we pretty well know what to expect from contemporary private eyes, especially the ones who work out of L.A. The eponymous hero of the movie has all the predictable particulars. St. Ives (Charles Bronson) lives in seclusion, splendor, books and bed just about tilting up the furnished flat in his downtown residential hotel. He has fussy, mildly eccentric eating habits: he likes



BISSET IN *SUNDAY WOMAN*  
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Brand V	11	0.7
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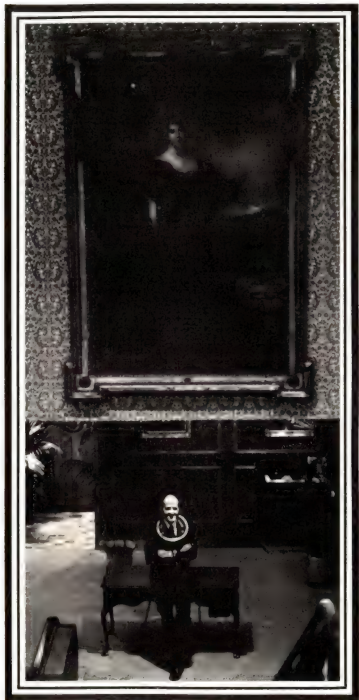
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New Orleans chicory coffee and frequenters a cafeteria where the food is more honest than the clientele, which runs mostly to grifters, hustlers and small-time sharpies. St. Ives drives a car that is as required, grittily chic—a black Jaguar sedan that has seen better days. So, of course, has St. Ives.

A former crime reporter, now become a freelance crime buster, St. Ives toils away at being a novelist in his spare time. He has more of that commodity than he can handle, however, so when his attorney finds him an odd job, St. Ives snaps it up. An old ricmie up in Holmby Hills named Abner Procan (John Houseman) has had some journals stolen. St. Ives is commissioned as middleman in the trade-off of big bucks for large books, whose precise contents remain a mystery. As the caper proceeds, however, it becomes increasingly clear that whatever is in the books is highly inflammatory, not to say downright dangerous. St. Ives cannot help noticing that whoever comes in contact with the books usually—and rapidly—winds up dead.

Barry Beckerman's screenplay offers Director J. Lee Thompson (*The Guns of Navarone*) several good chances to take advantage of the flush, neon lowlife of L.A. Thompson sedulously ignores every opportunity and does not try to sort much sense out of the plot either. He has all he can do to keep his actors from tripping over corpses. In addition to the ravishing Jacqueline Bisset, who appears as a rather tricky temptress, and Houseman, whose air of hothouse gentility is persuasive, Charles Bronson makes a pleasing shamus out of St. Ives. No big thing, mind. But he eases through the part with gruff grace and a few hints of low-rent charm. In *Breakout*, last year's *Hard Times*, and now here, Bronson has turned in good, engaging work. It is getting nice to have him around.

Jay Cocks



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CRITIC & NOVELIST RENATA ADLER

## Basilisk

SPEEDBOAT

by RENATA ADLER

178 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

Many people believe that a book called a novel will offer a group of characters moving along a plot line with something approximating forward momentum. Many are also equally certain that they have heard quite enough, thank you, about the miseries of Manhattan neurotics. Normally such convictions are not only sound but healthy, when acted upon: they protect the wary reader from a good deal of gibberish and whining. Still, any critical principle worth holding is also worth ignoring if a good occasion arises. *Speedboat*—a non-novel novel about Manhattan neurotics—is such an occasion.

New Yorker Journalist Renata Adler's special paroxysm has often been the odd schizophrenia induced in those Americans who came of age (as she did) in the 1950s—a generation that was too young to cheer the System and too old to blow it up. The seven stories in *Speedboat*, though cast as fiction, really form an extended reporter's notebook on the same story: the many ways that agreeable, hypereducated people find to go slowly bonkers.

**Land Mine.** The stories—or rather, the collage of perceptions—are told by a woman whose last name is Fain and whose first name may be Jennifer (one friend, at least, calls her Jeni). Success seems to have fallen on her from a great height. She traipses obligingly but glumly through a succession of jobs usually thought to be desirable: newspaper reporter, foundation consultant, college teacher, congressional staff worker. She is clearly getting somewhere where, exactly, and whether it is a place worth

being are answers that elude her. "Things," she muses, "have changed very much, several times since I grew up, and like everyone in New York except the intellectuals, I have led several lives and I still lead some of them."

Fain or no Fain, the author of that sentence is Renata Adler. Who else could hide a land mine under well-tended prose with quite as much apparent innocence? It takes a second or two to realize that intellectuals have been exempted from the frantic metamorphoses demanded by modern life. Why? The answer comes in bits and pieces—anyone who accepts (or demands) the label in-

tellectual is automatically too dumb to deserve it. To prove the point, Adler puts her heroine through a year of teaching, "by mistake," at a Manhattan college, surrounded by "featherbedding illiterates" and "reactionary pedants." Visiting Professor Fain notes: "Our full professors, tenured faculty, teach H.B.A., or Hours by Appointment, that is, never." Students are awarded "Prior Life Experience" credits for such things as raking famous people's lawns. This may look like slapstick. But it sounds, to anyone who has brushed against academe, horribly true. Paragraph by paragraph, vignette by vignette, *Speedboat* hilariously builds an unsettling case: truth is slapstick. No wonder attentive, sensitive people begin to go weird. "A self-addressed envelope," if you are inclined to brood, raises deep questions of identity."

Such semantic fastidiousness is more common in philosophy than in fiction, and Adler's stories are more successful as illustrated lectures than as riveting narrative. It should be added that Adler is almost always a riveting lecturer. Like the legendary basilisk, she can look at a subject and turn it to stone. *Speedboat* is a cascade of smooth and shiny pebbles.

Paul Gray

## Motley with Method

LADY ORACLE

by MARGARET ATWOOD

345 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

Alice in Wonderland is alive and well and living in Margaret Atwood's new novel. She has changed a bit: she operates under the alias Joan Foster, resides in Toronto and writes gothic romances on the sly. But she still has more identities than she knows how to handle, takes pills that make her undergo

disconcerting changes of size, and gets into trouble by gazing too long into a looking glass.

Most of the time, Joan Foster is the quietly unremarkable wife of a humorless student radical. In odd stolen hours, she plays mistress to an avant-garde artist who serves as a kind of latter-day Mad Hatter. From both husband and lover, Joan cleverly hides two secret shames: the fact that she produces feverishly romantic gothic novels and her pre-diet-pill memories of a miserably obese childhood. Both are telltale signs of a temperament too florid to suit the doctrinaire, modernist tastes of the men now in her life. One day, seized by a fit of automatic writing while staring at herself in a three-way mirror, she turns out a surreal prose poem called *Lady Oracle* that becomes a bestseller. Sudden celebrity as the author of *Lady Oracle*—which publishers promote as an irresistible blend of Rod McKuen and Khalil Gibran—brings a blackmailer into Joan's life. Rather than face exposure of her multiple lives, Joan plans a fake accidental death by drowning. Thereafter, she hopes to resurface in a new life—one that will be "neat and simple, understated, even a little severe, like a Quaker church or a basic black dress with a single strand of pearls."

The escape works for a while and she gets to Italy, but her life stubbornly continues "to spread, to get flabby, to scroll and festoon like the frame of a baroque mirror." Significantly, the same



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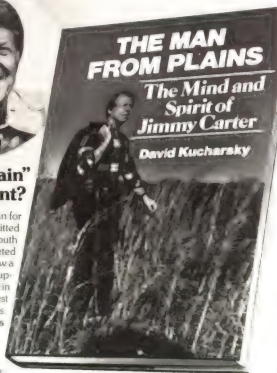
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BOOKS

might be said of Margaret Atwood's writing in *Lady Oracle*. The novel does not develop, it meanders, circling around and turning in on itself—letting its contours be defined by the chaos of the heroine's psyche. Italicized chunks of Joan Foster's latest gothic romance pop up just when one is expecting the next chapter in her life. The reader is kept off balance by jagged shifts from the comfortable ordinariness of situation comedy to the casual cruelty of slapstick farce to the gripping panic of surreal nightmare.

**Crooked Seams.** After writing *Lady Oracle*, Margaret Atwood, like Joan, may have wondered whether she "should have taken it to a psychiatrist instead of a publisher." Fortunately, she did not. For if Atwood's last novel, *Surfacing*, was her basic black dress of a novel—trim, taut and meticulously crafted—then *Lady Oracle* is successful noisley, a striking work made out of bright patches with all the crooked seams showing.

Despite her oddities, Joan Foster becomes a character who genuinely engages the reader's sympathy and suggests that within every classically shaped woman there may be a ballooning romantic waiting to get out. She is also a useful vehicle for a meditation on the possibilities of modern fiction. In unobtrusive layers of allusion, Atwood pays homage to earlier forms of the novel—the picaresque, the gothic romance, the Bildungsroman and Victorian saga. She tries to shoehorn her heroine's life into the coherent contours of those forms, but Joan Foster won't sit still for the fitting. Even the baggiest literary shapes require a greater certainty about life than heroine—or author—can muster. "It did make a mess," says Joan Foster as she sums up her life at the end of *Lady Oracle*. But if more tidy, it might be less true. **Le Anne Schreiber**

### The Help in Ages Past

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY  
 by PAUL JOHNSON  
 556 pages. Atheneum, \$13.95.

"A Christian with faith has nothing to fear from the facts," Paul Johnson writes. Johnson is an Orwellian socialist deeply concerned for liberty, a dyspeptic progressive Roman Catholic, former editor of the left-wing British journal *New Statesman*—and a believer with a passion for accuracy. He has written a literary rarity, a highly readable, deeply learned, thoroughly fascinating account of 2,000 years of Christian history.

There are plenty of contemporary resonances, of course. Does anyone still believe that the hippies and gurus and Woodstocks of the '60s were anything new or unusual? Consider the medieval Pled Piper from Bourges, who called himself Christ and gathered an ecstatic following that then presented itself to the Bishop of Le Puy, its members "stark

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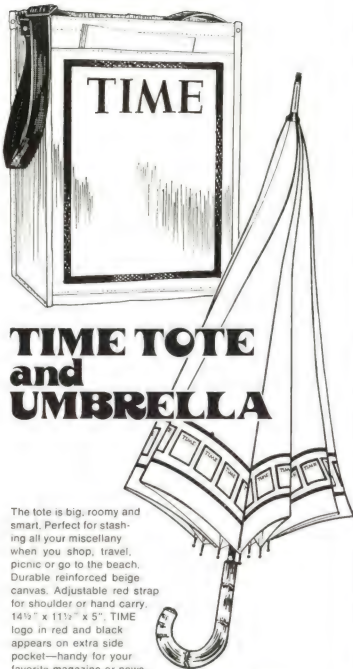
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naked, leaping and somersaulting." The response was summary: the leader was "killed on the spot."

The sellers of Lockheeds have nothing on ancient bishops anxious to peddle a doctrine. For years around the turn of the 4th century, the Mediterranean basin was torn by a dispute about the necessity for divine grace in man's salvation. The bishops of North Africa, led by St. Augustine, insisted that human beings could do nothing without divine help. Pelagius, a theologian from foggy Britain, came south to preach reform in Rome, believed that man is born spiritually free. God's grace may give him a push, but essentially he can find his own way to heaven. Augustine's writings were crucial in labeling Pelagius a heretic. Still, the bishops needed some temporal muscle to run the heretics into exile. Accordingly, these churchmen, who believed in the deep corruptibility of man, sent some 80 fine Numidian soldiers to bribe key cavalry officers into support of their cause.

**Total Society.** Augustine, indeed, is a thorn in Johnson's side. For Johnson sees Christian history largely as a pendulum, swinging between the repressive "total society" envisioned by Augustine and the individualistic, more private Christianity espoused by Pelagius and like-minded successors—particularly the great irenic humanist of the early Reformation, Erasmus of Rotterdam. The political analogies are not coincidental: Johnson believes that men can be self-governing. He sympathizes with the views of Erasmus and Pelagius. Indeed, he argues, the essential optimism of such humanists is closer to the message of the Apostle Paul than the deep pessimism of Augustine, who re-

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM BY DUKE





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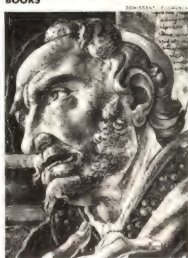
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ST. AUGUSTINE

A repressive "total society."

gated most people to what he called the  
*massa damnata*—"the damned mass."

The author delights in turning his-  
tory on its head in smaller matters too.  
T.S. Eliot notwithstanding, he makes a  
strong case against the 12th century  
martyr of Canterbury, Thomas a Beck-  
et, whom he sees as a willful, grand-  
standing prelate who egotistically court-  
ed martyrdom. Becket, he says, "did no  
service to Christianity." Flouting popu-  
lar myth, Johnson points out that the  
great medieval cathedrals were gener-  
ally not the work of inspired volunteer  
artisans but of skilled hired hands, who  
sometimes went on strike and had to be  
chided for goofing off. He clears Alaric  
and his Goths of the charge that they de-  
stroyed Rome. The great city was rav-  
aged, he writes, not by the barbarians  
in A.D. 410, but through imperial plun-  
dering in the 6th and 7th centuries by  
Byzantine Emperors Justinian and Con-  
stantin II. Johnson also challenges the  
once popular thesis—of Max Weber and  
R.H. Tawney among others—that Cal-  
vinism helped nurture capitalism. In  
staunchly Calvinistic Scotland, Johnson  
notes, capitalism was long stifled. What  
did launch capitalism, he argues, was  
the decline of churchly power—whether  
in Calvinistic or Catholic states.

Johnson is master of the arresting  
detail, the vivid personality sketch. In  
an evocative little essay on St. Ambrose,  
the Roman magistrate who became  
Bishop of Milan in 373, he pauses to  
note Augustine's surprise when he found  
that Ambrose could read silently to him-  
self—a rare skill in the ancient world.  
Discussing the opening of the Council  
of Trent, the great 16th century Catho-  
lic assembly that began the Counter  
Reformation, he observes how Christo-  
foro Madruzzo, the host bishop, opened  
the meeting with a 74-dish banquet and  
100-year-old wine. After dinner, Ma-  
druzzo led off the dancing with ladies.

Johnson's history is much more than  
a collection of vignettes. He stresses the

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By CELIA WALLACE

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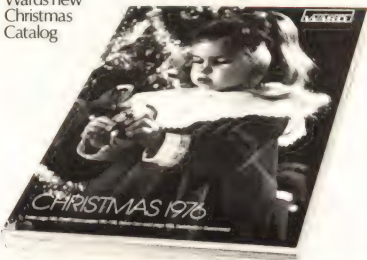
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## BOOKS

integral role that Christianity played not merely in European society but specifically in its economy. From the 9th to the 14th centuries, it was the monks of the great monasteries, particularly the Cistercian houses, who drained the swamps of Europe and cleared its forests, thus creating thousands of square miles of arable land—and laying the foundations of Europe's prosperity. Christianity left some less fortunate legacies too. The ferocity of the Crusades, observes Johnson, "fossilized Islam into a fanatic posture" from which it has yet to recover.

There are gaps in Johnson's book, some obviously by design. He disdains to rerun the story of Henry VIII's war with the papacy over his divorce, assuming that most English-speaking readers know it already. At other times, though, particularly in his discussion of more recent times, Johnson's book has some peculiar lacunae. There is not a word about Russian Orthodoxy under the Czars, or under Communism. Nor about pentecostalism, a significant force in American Christianity since the turn of the century and now a phenomenon worldwide. He barely touches on the Protestant ecumenical movement.

Such lapses are comparatively minor in an ambitious, magisterial and ultimately positive book. For Johnson demonstrates that Christianity, though it certainly caused enough bloodletting, did help tame the human beast, did offer hope in a landscape of despair. "Without these restraints, bereft of these encouragements," he concludes, "how much more horrific the history of these last 2,000 years must have been!" Given Johnson's grim recital of human frailty, that may seem more like faith than history. But, as he disturbingly observes, the first glimpses of a de-Christianized secular future are most dismal indeed.

Maya Mohs

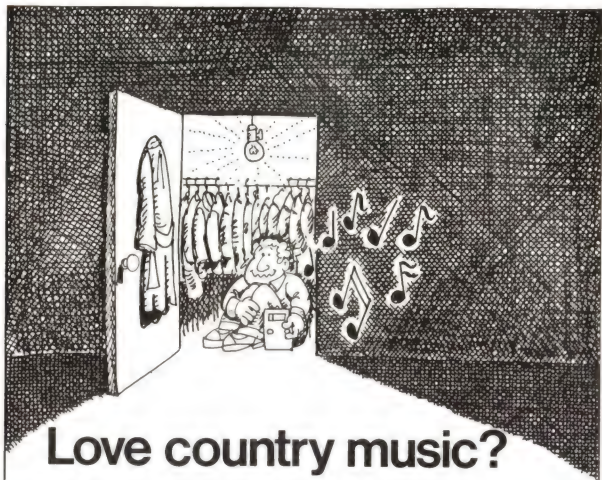
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## The Right to Die

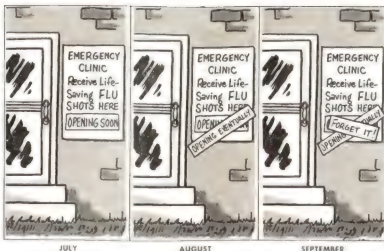
It has become a profoundly perplexing question for doctors and, indeed, all of society: Should heroic measures—respirators and other marvels of modern medical technology—be used to prolong the lives of the dying who no longer want to live? Last week California gave its answer. It became the first state to legalize the right of the terminally ill to decree their own deaths.

Signed into law by Governor Jerry Brown, an ex-Jesuit seminarian, after weeks of personal agonizing, the California bill implicitly recognizes the validity of "living wills." Long a subject of debate, these are documents in which a patient directs doctors to "pull the plug," in effect, if life-sustaining procedures serve no other purpose than to postpone the moment of death. Under the California legislation, such directives can now be drafted by any adult, must be witnessed by two people who are neither related to the patient nor involved in his medical treatment, and must be renewed every five years. Then, beginning Jan. 1 in California, if a doctor and a colleague determine that the patient is hopelessly ill, life-sustaining machinery can be shut off without any legal repercussions for the physicians or the patient's family.

Passed by a 43-to-25 vote in the California assembly after a bitter fight, the bill gained significant support in the wake of the case of Karen Ann Quinlan, the New Jersey girl who slipped into an apparently irreversible coma. Karen's parents spent six months battling for her right to die with dignity. Though the California bill specifically disavows "mercy killing" and allows anyone designated by the patient to rescind the death directive, California's pro-life forces strenuously opposed the measure as the first step toward euthanasia. Said one Democratic assemblyman, Vincent Thomas: "The trend seems to be to get rid of the senile, insane and crippled people. Our next move will be to get rid of everyone."

**Ultimate Underdog.** Supporters of the bill included the California Medical Association, the American Civil Liberties Union and senior citizens' groups. The bill's sponsor, Democrat Barry Keene, who saw two close friends die slowly and painfully of cancer, says it speaks for the ultimate underdog—those terminally ill "who have no hope, are helpless and for psychological reasons have been isolated." He is urging other states to follow California's example. In fact, there have already been attempts to pass similar bills in 17 other states.

\*The New Jersey Supreme Court approved the removal of the mechanical respirator from Karen last March. Contrary to prognosis, she remains alive in a rest home, though still in a coma.



## Flu Shots—for Some

**ROTT UP YOUR SKEIN, AMERICA.** says the U.S. Public Health Service's bright new slogan. Yet as the nation's highly touted program against swine flu began last week, most Americans who wanted to take the slogan's advice stood only to get a cold shoulder. Despite the Ford Administration's original vow to vaccinate 200 million Americans against the dread virus—a form of which possibly caused some half-million deaths in the U.S. alone during the 1918-19 influenza pandemic—only a few health centers round the country were ready to give the shots. Indeed, federal distribution of the vaccine was so erratic that a health official in Portland, Ore., remarked: "We didn't even know we'd received a batch until we read about it in the newspaper."

Last week's snafus were hardly surprising. Since President Ford announced the mass immunization effort last March, it has been snarled in confusion and controversy, including a hassle over whether the Government would protect the four manufacturers of the vaccine against possible lawsuits resulting from its use. (It will.) As a result, production is far behind schedule. By November, when the flu season normally begins, the companies will have produced only about one-quarter of the 215 million doses originally expected. Availability aside, the vaccine's effectiveness remains questionable. Experts' estimates of the degree of protection it will provide range from 20% to 90%.

Some doctors, of course, are still skeptical that there is anything to guard against. Since the virus first appeared among Army recruits at Fort Dix last winter—one of whom died—there has not been a single confirmed additional case of swine flu. Either the infection is

not very contagious, say the scoffers, or the Fort Dix flu cases were just a medical fluke.

Nonetheless, since the flu season—to say nothing of the election—is only weeks off, federal officials are taking no chances. As the vaccine is produced, it is being shipped to the states in quantities roughly proportional to their population. State health officials, in turn, are making shots available through a variety of channels: hospitals, schools, factories, libraries, churches, even special clinics set up at shopping centers. Under the \$135 million program, the vaccine will be free. Private doctors will be allowed to charge an administering fee, but it probably will be modest. The Medical Association of Georgia, for example, has suggested physicians charge \$1.50, the same amount it costs the state to give the shots.

The federal program is providing two types of vaccine: monovalent, which offers protection only against swine flu, and bivalent, which also contains vaccine against last year's prevailing A Victoria influenza strain. Because the virus used in producing the vaccine is cultured in eggs, the shots should not be taken by those who are severely allergic to eggs. The current recommendations of federal health officials.

R For those 65 years and older or chronically ill, who could be hardest hit by any epidemic—bivalent shots. The officials are also advising (but not providing) a shot against an older flu strain, Hong Kong B, which could also reappear in the coming weeks.

R For the general population aged 18 and over, including pregnant women—monovalent shots.

R For youngsters three to 18 years—no vaccinations at all at present, unless they suffer from such chronic illnesses as asthma, diabetes, heart or

## MEDICINE

kidney disease. In these cases, the officials are recommending two doses, four weeks apart, of a bivalent vaccine that is made from only part of the swine flu virus and seems to cause less severe side effects among youngsters.

R For children under three—no decision yet on whether anyone this young should receive the shots.

To many, such guidelines may be academic. According to a recent Gallup poll, only 53% of Americans plan to take the shots. That, however, could change rapidly if swine flu suddenly erupts in the nation.

## Capsules

► Since it was created in 1970, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has been busily trying to protect everyone's health—except, apparently, that of its own employees. The oversight is documented in a draft report prepared by another federal watchdog agency, the General Accounting Office, after visits by inspectors to eleven of EPA's 60 laboratories. The report says that more than half the 1,329 scientists, technicians and other employees in these labs had been exposed to toxic and other hazardous substances without the safeguard of satisfactory health-monitoring services, which are required by law. One example cited: six employees of the labs at Research Triangle Park, N.C., experienced nausea, headaches and sore throats after exposure to acid fumes last year, but none were given follow-up medical tests. In a Denver facility, workers were found to be regularly breathing dangerous dust particles and noxious gases. The revelations of environmental hazards in its own labs plainly embarrassed the EPA. But a spokesman insisted: "We recognize the need for action in certain labs, and have already started to clean up problems."

► Abe Lincoln had many skills, but the *New England Journal of Medicine* recalls one that contemporary doctors (and their lawyers) may especially appreciate. In 1856, while he was practicing law in the Springfield, Ill., area, the future President was asked by two physician friends to defend them in a malpractice suit brought by an elderly man whom they had treated for a leg fracture. Though the break eventually knitted, the limb was slightly shorter than before. Briefed by the doctors on the difference age makes in the brittleness and healing of bone, Lincoln dramatically demonstrated the point in court with broken chicken bones. Then Lincoln turned to the plaintiff and said, "Mr. Fleming, instead of bringing suit against these surgeons, you should go on your knees and thank God and them that you have your leg. Most other practitioners would have insisted upon amputation." The impressed jury decided the case for the doctors and assessed the plaintiff court costs.

## THE THEATER

### Nothingness Is All

DAYS IN THE TREES  
by MARGUERITE DURAS

The prevailing mood of this play is that of a fitful breeze stirring faded autumn leaves. Its central figure is an old woman (Mildred Dunnock) haunted by her impending death. She ruminates on many things and, like the play itself, comes to grips with none. Known only as "The Mother," she talks of old age, of passions spent and love unrequited, of parenthood and the serpents' teeth of thankless children. Since the play was originally written some 20 years ago by French Novelist, Dramatist and Film Writer Duras, it is very much in the theater-of-the-absurd tradition and echoes that genre's abiding theme—whatever we do or do not do, nothingness conquers all.

**Just a Gigolo.** This old woman has come to Paris for a last visit with her favorite son (Joseph Maher). As a boy, he used to idle away hours in the trees. As a man, he has idled away his life as a compulsive gambler and is now a gigolo in a nightclub. The woman he lives with in the club hustler (Suzanne Lederer). The conversational *pas de trois* that these three engage in is replete with bitterness and non-sequitur absurdist humor. The performers are also forced to carry an elephantine load of symbolism.

They are up to it. Dunnock unfalteringly reveals the interwoven strands of love and hate in a mother's heart, and Joseph Maher is splendid in conveying the sleazy, yet captivating charm of one of life's eternal dropouts.

DUNNOCK IN DAYS IN THE TREES



*Days in the Trees* seems like a bad dream from which the playwright could not awaken. Nor can the actors who shudder convulsively with the dire reality of it.

T.E. Kalem

### Unisex in Embryo

THE PHILANDERER  
by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Attending Manhattan's Roundabout Theater is a little bit like rummaging in the attic of Grandmother's house. The dramatic curios presented during the eleven years of this theater's existence have sometimes been dusty, archaic, erratic and slight, but almost invariably fascinating. The Roundabout has developed a reputation for being the place to see plays that one would never get a chance to see otherwise.

*The Philanderer* is no exception. It is Shaw's second play, and has apparently not been staged in New York for 62 years. If Shaw's reputation depended on it, woe to Shaw; yet the play is an intriguing precursor of subsequent attempts to foster equality between the sexes. Much of the action takes place in an implausibly gender-desegregated private club (the year is 1893) called the Ibsen Club, in which women members pre-empt the smoking room and the rules require that men be not overly manly—unisex in embryo. Of course, Shaw foisted on Ibsen a militant feminist stance that was strictly Shaw's, but his quips on the subject have a prescient modernity. The piddling plot concerns a flirtatious chap (Donald Madden) who captures the hearts of two ladies (Cara Duff-MacCormick and Marion Lines) but cunningly evades the altar. The sturdy proficiency of all the players and of the director, Stephen Hollis, makes a raft of comedy out of a matchstick drama.

T.E.K.

DUFF-MACCORMICK & MADDEN IN PHILANDERER



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